

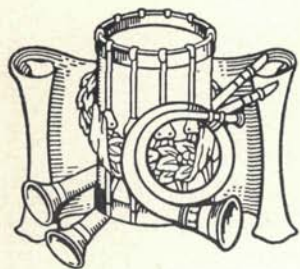
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MERCURY

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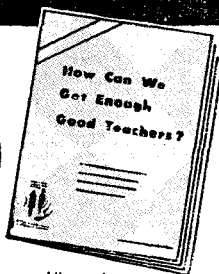
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Eisenhower

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

NO FACT is more undeniable in the political situation than that the Eisenhower spell is broken. The 1954 election results were stunning to those who have trustingly nurtured the Eisenhower myth. Before 1954, millions of Republicans (and some Democrats) unquestioningly accepted the *mystique* that Eisenhower was a political phenomenon, over and above the Republican Party, who had some immense personal source of popularity. According to this *mystique*, some of that fabulous popularity could rub off onto favored White House Republicans and pull them through in hard-pressed elections.

It was a captivating dream, but an unfounded one. It needed only to be exposed to the pitiless rays of reality to evaporate instantly.

M I D W A Y

★ ★ ★ ★

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Had General Eisenhower's political managers continued the discreet policy of keeping the General on his marble pedestal—above the political battle—it is not likely that the myth would have been punctured, at least, not until 1956. The appalling mistake was made in 1954 of throwing the President himself into the contest where his influence could be tested statistically by a vulgar counting of noses.

In a panicky, eleventh hour decision, the Eisenhower political advisers decided that the President should go out and save five sinking Republicans. The five, with one exception, were 100 per cent Eisenhower coattail riders. They were Homer Ferguson of Michigan, George H. Bender of Ohio, John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, Her-

★

BY HAROLD LORD VARNEY

★

bert B. Warburton of Delaware and Clifford P. Case of New Jersey.

When the votes were counted, Ferguson, Cooper and Warburton were on the mat, KO'd by a thumping Democratic majority. Clifford P. Case, in an overwhelmingly Republican state, slipped through by an eyelash. Bender, the former Taft cheer-leader, was elected, although there was no sign that Ike's speech had netted him a single vote.

It was a saddening exhibition of sagging Eisenhower vote appeal.

WHY has the President slipped? The inescapable explanation of the 1954 setback can be found in the dismal sequence of mistakes into which the White House coterie have plunged the well-meaning but politically inexperienced Eisenhower. But behind these mistakes have been three fixed ideas which have ridden the minds of the Eisenhower advisers since 1952. These ideas have so obsessed the top Ike-men that they have deflected the Republican political compass at every important turn.

Let us look at these ideas:

The first of these delusions has been the hard belief that Eisenhower, and not the Republican Party, won the electoral victory of 1952. According to this assumption, the Republicans, with anyone else but Ike as standard bearer, would have gone down to another defeat.

The contention, of course, is shot full of holes. Anybody who knows

his way around in politics knows that it is the men at the bottom — at the precinct level — and not the glittering celebrities at the top, who usually decide the fate of Presidential elections. The standard bearer, by gift of personality or by the quality of his emotional leadership, can sometimes sway enough votes to swing the close contests. But he can never win in default of a solidly organized county and precinct organization.

Now the fact is that the Republican Party went into the 1952 fight in the pink of condition. A decade of brilliant and unflagging effort by such Republicans as Robert A. Taft, Styles Bridges, John W. Bricker, William F. Knowland, Joseph W. Martin, Joseph R. McCarthy and (after 1951) General Douglas MacArthur had softened up the Democratic Party for a 1952 knockout. The indefensible Truman-Acheson blunders in China and Korea had given the Republicans talking points of terrific impact. The Truman administration was punch drunk after exposés of high-level corruption.

Most important of all, Republicans controlled the state houses of 25 states above the Mason and Dixon Line, and the heavy majority of the county governments. This capital and county seat ascendancy placed at the party service a veritable army of Republican job-holders with a pressing personal interest in getting out the Republican vote.

It was this superb Republican

organization, with its high morale, which leaped into the Eisenhower fight in 1952, and triumphantly put him over. It would have put over Senator Taft, or any other Republican of like stature, had Eisenhower not been in the race.

Actually, there are valid reasons for believing that a Taft or a MacArthur at the head of the ticket in 1952 would have racked up a greater electoral victory than Eisenhower. Taft or MacArthur could have conducted a slashing, no-holds-barred fight against the Democrats which would have left them impotent to defend themselves. Because he had been so close to the personalities and policies of the Roosevelt and Truman administrations, General Eisenhower could not expose their misfeasances without indicting himself. He went through the campaign without firing the biggest guns.

Had the Republicans been able to wage the kind of a campaign that a Taft or a MacArthur could have headed, they would not only have won the Presidency, they would have generated such campaign feeling that they would have swept into office with them a heavy Republican majority in both the Senate and House — an accomplishment which eluded Eisenhower.

THE second delusion that has boobytrapped many Eisenhower politicians is the belief that the Republican Party, to win, must make constant genuflections to the so-

called "liberal" vote. This delusion is based on the fallacy that somewhere there is a floating "liberal" vote of huge size, which shuttles back and forth between the two parties, according to the "liberalness" of their bids.

Of course, this is part of the political folklore of the country which the "liberals" themselves have invented. Both contentions are erroneous.

There is no large "liberal" vote in the United States, outside a few untypical communities like New York, Detroit, Milwaukee and Reading, Pennsylvania. In its aggregate, it is probably far smaller than the consciously anti-liberal vote which is antagonized when party leaders make Left gestures. What makes the "liberals" seem important is the top-heavy number of college professors, clergymen and professional writers among them, who have the gift of getting headlines. Like the coyote in the Western Army camp in General Grant's fabulous story, one "liberal" can frequently make himself sound like a herd.

Actually, as repeated polls by Gallup, Princeton Poll, or even Roper have demonstrated, when they have sampled the public on specific Left-Right issues, the overwhelming majority of Americans are decidedly right of Center. The votes which can make the Republican Party victorious in national elections are to be found in the

anti-liberal columns — not the Left.

The third delusion is that there are desirable and undesirable Republicans, and that the function of the Eisenhower official family is to get rid of the unwanted. Specifically, this political phariseism has manifested itself in the heresy-hunt against Senator McCarthy which has stalled Republican activities through most of 1954.

There is something so smugly unwholesome and undemocratic about such an attitude as to raise the serious question whether its proponents really want a strong Republican Party, or just a tight little controllable Eisenhower club.

This delusion probably has been the most costly.

Because their minds were trapped in these three delusions, the political strategists of the Eisenhower administration have proceeded from one blunder to another, in their two years of power.

The first major misplay of the new administration was the unfortunate decision, made in its first days, not to open up the books on the Truman-Roosevelt regimes. The decision was a political mistake of the first magnitude.

FOR the first time in 20 years, the Republican Party found itself in full control of all the records of the wartime and postwar years of Democratic misrule. Had these records been exhibited to the country with the searching force of a Congress-

sional inquiry, the impact upon the electorate probably would have been so stunning as to doom Democratic hopes of a comeback, either in 1954, or in 1956.

Included in the political dynamite that was locked in the executive files in Washington ready for detonation by the Republicans were:

(1) An unsparing probe of the **Yalta Conference**, the role of Alger Hiss, and the fixing of the responsibility for keeping the G-2 report on Japan from Roosevelt.

(2) An exposé of the incredible mismanagement of the **Korea War**, which robbed us of victory. (When Senator Taft proposed a full-dress investigation of the Korea blunders, Eisenhower rejected it.)

(3) A ventilation of the wartime **Morgenthau** regime in the Treasury Department, and the influence which Harry D. White and his circle exercised over the Secretary.

(4) The hitherto uninvestigated part played by **Lauchlin Currie** in the Roosevelt Administration, and its effect upon China decisions.

(5) A review of wartime **Lend-Lease** transactions with Russia, and a fixing of responsibility for the ghastly decision to build up Russia's after-war industries.

(6) A probe of Herbert H. Lehman's administration of **UNRRA**, in which American billions were used to strengthen the Iron Curtain countries.

(7) The officials, either in OSS or the Military Government in

Italy, who made the decision to build up **Togliatti** and the Communist Party and to turn over the Fascist property to them.

(8) The State Department influences which protected the **atomic spies** from arrest between 1944 and 1946, and which handcuffed the FBI.

(9) The State Department individuals who persuaded the President to suppress the **Wedemeyer Report** and abandon China to the Communists in 1947 and 1948.

(10) A determination of the top responsibility for the 1945 decision that cost the United States a **corridor to Berlin**.

EACH of these skeletons in the Roosevelt-Truman closet could have touched off a major Congressional investigation, which could have rocked Washington. The headline possibilities in such probes were demonstrated in November, 1953, when Attorney General Brownell, with the disapproval of some White House higher-ups, told just a part of the Harry D. White story.

This extraordinary Republican opportunity was tossed away by the Eisenhower Administration, for reasons best known to itself. Even an attempt by Republican Senators to pass a resolution repudiating the commitments under the Yalta agreement was watered down, under White House pressure, to a mere toothless condemnation of the Pact.

When the McCarthy and Jenner

Committees proceeded to look into some of these guarded Roosevelt-Truman secrets, the White House, instead of assisting them, hamstrung them by continuing the notorious Truman order of 1948, closing pertinent Executive files to Congressional committees.

The real animus of the vindictive White House assault on McCarthy, beginning early in 1954, was his refusal to soft-pedal investigations into Truman and hold-over situations which the Administration preferred to bury. In this anti-McCarthyism, the Administration was enthusiastically back-stopped by Senate Democrats, who had reasons of their own for heading off the probes.

Under this White House truce on inquiries, the national Democrats, badly shaken after their rout in 1952, regained their morale and moved aggressively into the 1954 election. The Republicans had had them on the ropes, but White House irresolution had missed the chance to finish them off.

IF the Eisenhower failure to investigate was a major blunder of omission, its ill-timed attempt to reform the Republican Party must be rated as the number one blunder of commission.

After the 1952 victory, for some perverse reason, the little band of intimates which surrounds Eisenhower decided that the Republican Party, which had elected their leader, was not acceptable. Its lead-

ership must be Eisenhowerized. The "primitives" — to use the epithet that the Eisenhower devotees like to employ — must be frozen or forced out of the leadership of the party.

In the parlance of the "we know better" group around the President, the "primitives" included most of the last-ditch Taft supporters of 1952, most of the national-minded Midwest Republicans whose viewpoints are expressed by the *Chicago Tribune* and other Midwest dailies, most of the defenders of traditional State's Rights against encroaching Federal authority, and most of those who, like Senators McCarthy and Jenner, have pressed for unsparing investigations of Communist infiltration of the Government. To purge, or retire, such men, of course, would mean to eviscerate the Republican Party.

As long as Senator Taft lived, the advocates of Eisenhowerizing remained in the shadows, although they screened the patronage of the Administration. With the passing of Taft, the intent to freeze out the Republican Centrists became more and more apparent. It was discussed frankly in such pro-Eisenhower newspapers as the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald-Tribune*, and the *Washington Post*. It was applauded in the "liberal" magazines which, only yesterday, had been rooting for Acheson and Jessup. It was underwritten by the mysterious Committee for an Effective Congress, which began allocating money to defeat

the Centrists, and to elect 100 per cent Eisenhower Republicans.

In its most undisguised form it was typified by such a Republican as Congressman Jacob K. Javits of New York, who announced, on the eve of the 1954 election, that his success would strengthen the "liberals" to control of the Republican Party, mentioning several other top Republicans approvingly as working toward the same end.

ALL THE streams and rivulets of this purge effort converged in the McCarthy persecutions of 1954. Since McCarthy controlled a determined national following of millions, he was a major roadblock in the way of this dream of an Eisenhower Republicanism. In the hush-hush meeting in the Attorney General's office on January 21, 1954, attended by Sherman Adams, Henry Cabot Lodge, Herbert Brownell and lesser lights, the "get McCarthy" plan was worked out.

When the first gambit in this program, the Army-McCarthy hearings, backfired badly as a result of the ineptitude of Secretary of the Army Stevens, a second was promptly played in the form of the Watkins Committee probe. The ignoble figure of Ralph E. Flanders was pushed forward, and with coaching by the braintrusts of the Committee for an Effective Congress, Flanders began to sling anti-McCarthy dirt indiscriminately in all directions.

The Watkins probe was a revela-

tion of the prejudices of the probers rather than an honest searching for truth. When the Senate was summoned into extra session to crucify McCarthy, Senators Jenner, Welker, Dirksen, Goldwater, Malone and others tore the feeble Watkins arguments to tatters, and even Eisenhower's majority leader, Senator William F. Knowland, voted with McCarthy. The President had the wry experience of seeing the majority of the Republican Senators voting to vindicate McCarthy, and only the Democrats lined up solidly in the Watkins corner.

THAT the whole ill-starred effort has had a poisonous effect upon grass-roots enthusiasm among Republican workers in the 1954 campaign needs only to be stated. How many Republicans, who were the sparkplugs of the party in their communities or precincts, sat on their hands in 1954 can only be estimated by the disappointing election returns.

Rogers C. Dunn, whose political forecasts have had a high score of accuracy, has estimated that 30,000,000 Americans eligible to vote failed to cast a ballot on November 2nd. How many of these were Taft and McCarthy Republicans, resentful of the deep freeze into which the Eisenhower circle was endeavoring to place their kind of Republicanism, is a moot question.

After the censure session, President Eisenhower committed his

worst political bungle. He summoned Senator Watkins to the White House and conspicuously congratulated him for his work. The moment was one for a magnanimous Presidential gesture, with the olive branch extended to both McCarthyites and anti-McCarthyites. Instead the President, or whoever prompted him in the situation, showed a petty spirit of factionalism which was certain to deepen the rifts in the Republican Party.

An unnecessary incident which brought to a head much of this smoldering resentment in the Republican rank and file in the 1954 campaign was the Clifford P. Case candidacy in New Jersey. To nominate him, another Eisenhower stalwart, Senator Robert C. Hendrickson, had to be thrown into the political discard.

Very early in his campaign it became evident that extremely powerful forces were at work behind the scenes promoting the Case candidacy. The twin Eisenhower dailies in New York, the *Times* and the *Herald-Tribune*, became fairly rhapsodic in their build-up of the mediocre Case as "just the kind of a man" whom we need in the Senate. The Luce publications pulled out all stops for Case, climaxing their slanted treatment by a *Time* cover story — an honor usually reserved for top-flighters.

As Case's candidacy ballooned, White House efforts in his behalf became more frantic. At least five

successive highly photographed and publicized Eisenhower gestures to aid Case marked his campaign — a record not even approached by such faithful but hard-pressed White House loyalists as Ferguson of Michigan, Saltonstall of Massachusetts or Cordon of Oregon. Such undue emphasis upon the campaign of a single candidate seemed to indicate clearly that Case bulked large in some undisclosed plans which his promoters were evolving. This fact became more disquieting to bemused Republican rank-and-filers when it was disclosed that the Committee for an Effective Congress was a financial donor to his campaign.

Although all this prodigious effort apparently put Case over, it left wonderment in many Republican minds why such undisguised White House pressure was put behind a man so far to the Left of the Republican norm that he enjoyed the endorsement of the ADA, and had a voting record in the House almost as New Dealish as that of Javits.

IN THE light of the 1954 performance, the question occurs to many disturbed Republicans whether the drive for an Eisenhower party is not ideological as well as political. Nothing that the President himself has said indicates such a purpose. On the other hand, the actions of his closest intimates point in this disquieting direction.

It is probably too late for the healthy Center of the Republican

Party to take President Eisenhower away from his bumbling advisers. The Administration, which went into office with such high hopes and promises, has already stereotyped itself, not as the voice of the whole Republican Party, but as that of its internationalist and Eastern wing.

In the late campaign, the gestures of conciliation were all made by the party Centrists: the spurns came from the Eisenhower factionalists. In New Jersey, Senator Everett M. Dirksen was willing to forget differences in the cause of party harmony, and he offered to speak for Case. It was Case who snubbed Dirksen by coldly rejecting the offer. Nationally, it was Joe McCarthy who called for his followers to vote a Republican ticket everywhere but in New Jersey. It was the Eisenhower high command which scornfully froze McCarthy out of the campaign, even in states like Oregon, Illinois, Connecticut and New York where he could have supplied the margin of victory.

One of the oldest stories in politics is the one about the political boss who, accused of policies which were ruining the party, answered brightly, "Yes, but we will control the ruins."

Many devoted Republicans fear that their present leaders are headed for this empty supremacy.

President Eisenhower has had an extraordinary opportunity to be a great President. He is missing greatness by his incurable maladroitness in politics.



The Weather Is Changing

By HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

PERHAPS I am wrong, but it seems to me all stories about weather must begin with the cliché, "Everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it." This never-to-be-forgotten remark is attributed to Mark Twain. Several things are wrong about it. In the first place, Sam Clemens didn't say it. The observation first appeared in the editorial column of Charles Dudley Warner, in the *Hartford (Conn.) Courant*. In the second place, nature and science *are* doing something about the weather.

Dr. Harry Wexler, chief of the Scientific Services Division of the United States Weather Bureau, says the earth has become 2.2 degrees hotter in the winter time in the last 60 years. Since the middle of the last century, mean annual temperatures have risen from one to four degrees in some sections of the Northern Hemisphere, particularly in the middle and high latitudes. In Philadelphia, the rise has been some four degrees, and nearly 2½ degrees in Montreal since 1870. There has been a rise in temperature in Britain and

Scandinavia of from one to two degrees since 1850. In Spitsbergen, the mean temperature has upped 18 degrees since 1910 and the harbor — once closed all winter — is now open 200 days a year.

What about the hurricanes, the tornadoes, the excessive rains? Ask your neighbor, taxi driver, or the man in the street, and you'll get answers, such as:

"After-effects of the atom and H-bomb experiments."

"Those crazy 'rainmakers' needling nature."

"Those spots on the sun."

"Hang-over from all the explosions set off in the last war."

The answer of meteorologists to these suggestions is: "Bunk."

We love to talk about the weather and any newsworthy event from the launching of a battleship to the explosion of a bomb out in the Pacific likely will be blamed for coincidental unusual weather. Heavy rains during both World Wars were popularly attributed to artillery fire in Europe. Then along came the sun-spot cycle, and later, the two great

villains, A and H bombs, and rain-makers. Meteorologists point to the fact that rains fall on battlefields when guns are stilled, and that all researchers have failed to find any correlation between "sunspots" and the earth's weather — even though the spots *do* sometimes blot out radio and telegraphic communications.

Rainmakers? Meteorologists do not agree on the efficacy of making rain by seeding clouds with silver iodide or dry-ice particles as a means of producing rain. They won't even agree that rain can be "made," even locally. But all agree that no rain-making efforts could possibly have any effect on the over-all weather picture.

Atom and H-bombs? Before the howl of the winds of tornadoes and hurricanes die to a whisper, even Congressmen demand to know the connection between the great winds and our explosion of bombs in Nevada and in the Pacific. The AEC, on each occasion, gives its solemn word there is no connection.

Leonard Engel, writer on scientific subjects, in an article in the *New York Times*, made it more understandable than the AEC when he stated: "By man's standards, atomic explosions release vast amounts of energy and stir up enormous clouds of dust. Even a moderate rainstorm, however, releases energy at a rate equivalent to several hundred atom bombs a minute. And the great dust storms of the 'thirties raised clouds with a billion

times the dust concentration of an atomic cloud without perceptible effect . . . (on weather) anywhere in the country . . . An atomic explosion is awesomely powerful, but not powerful enough to open the heavens. Close study of the blasts shows that they do not even produce local rainstorms."

SO WHAT are we doing about the weather? In the first instance, we know the Weather Bureau has licked the long-lived hurricanes which move slowly out of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. Spotters not only keep a close watch, but give a blow-by-blow account of their activities, warning by radio, despite their variable assaults.

Now there is reason to believe that the Bureau is on the track of a new forecasting method which will strip tornadoes of their death-dealing element of surprise. Scientists are digging into the secrets of why these storms happen — and where. The answer, or a part of it, may be in what meteorologists call a "pressure jump line," or "squall line," which advances before a cold front smashing into a warm mass of moist air. Meteorologists have long known that when the cold and warm fronts meet — and when certain other conditions prevail — there is a likelihood of tornadoes all over the country.

Scientists have found the "pressure jump line" travels like a wave before a cold front, much like a wave rolling toward the beach at a

seashore. It may be as much as 150 miles wide. Meteorologists have traced this atmospheric wave by means of instruments known as microbarographs, which show there is a sudden increase in air pressure which violently disturbs the atmosphere. Dr. Morris Pepper, an expert in the Weather Bureau, has taken "jump line" records and related them to Midwest tornadoes.

Studies by Dr. Pepper and his colleagues in the test area disclosed that of 840 severe local storms, 725 were inside the path of the "jump line." Seventy-six fell outside the swath and 39 could not be related to it. After the first study, the Pepper group took those storms on which it had exact beginning times and found 87 per cent fell inside the "jump line" and 86 per cent occurred within one hour after the passage of the pressure wave. The Weather Bureau has been so impressed by the preliminary work that the Bureau's instrument experts have already devised a gadget which, when distributed throughout the tornado area, will give ample warning of a big wind on the way. Operating on a simple pressure principle, this gadget rings a bell which alerts the housewife up to an hour before an impending storm.

It's all new, but it's just another thing we're doing about the weather.

LET'S GO BACK to Dr. Harry Wexler, chief of the Scientific Services Division of the Weather Bureau,

who is positive he can do something about the weather. Not tomorrow, or the next day, but one of these days. Dr. Wexler isn't fooling, nor are his colleagues, when he talks about outer-space platforms, and changing the content of the atmosphere. "The sun," he said, "is responsible for the weather, and many believe that solar radiation governs temperature on the earth.

"But there are many things in our atmosphere that interfere with solar radiation, such as dust, and the amount of carbon dioxide in the air. Not atom bombs though. They dissipate too quickly.

"We could probably regulate the weather right now if we had instruments close enough to the sun to measure the variations of solar radiation. Then we could compare that with our ground measurements and learn the effect of the atmospheric resistance."

Space platforms? At the recent annual meeting of the American Rocket Society, Dr. Clyde Tombaugh, widely known astronomer and discoverer of the planet Pluto, stated flatly that U.S. Army Ordnance is seriously and earnestly searching the skies for an asteroid (within 400 miles of the earth) and big enough to accommodate a detachment of soldier-scientists as colonizers. Useful? Yes, assert the scientists, particularly for weather forecasting.

"And watching the Reds," said a friend.



The Page You Never Read

BY MORT WEISINGER

ONE PAGE near the front of every book that few readers even bother to glance at contains the author's dedication, but the knowledge that his words are born almost certain to blush unseen rarely deters a writer from preserving the tradition.

A few centuries ago, when patrons paid generously for the honor of having a book dedicated to them, Thomas Jordan established a lucrative racket. He prefixed flowery prefaces to his works, above which with a handpress he printed a new name in each copy.

In the twentieth century, Jack Baragwanath gave this kink a modern twist. When Baragwanath wrote about his adventures as a mining engineer in a book called *Pay Streak*, he had a separate dedication page printed for every one of his friends, and bound into the copy he sent them. Results were varied. Edna Ferber, for instance, was deeply flattered to know that she was the inspiration — until she discovered the identical message addressed to George S. Kaufman in *his* volume.

Of late, it has become the fashion among many writers to omit a dedicatory page from their manuscripts, on the grounds that nobody notices it anyway. But during recent years, the collecting of unique book dedications has become a full-fledged hobby, like accumulating limericks and graveyard epitaphs. Devotees of this fad scour libraries, bookstores, cellars, attics and literary archives for volumes with unusual dedications. The practice is to photostat the inscription, mount it in an album, and swap facsimiles with other collectors.

Probably the dean of the dedication-hunters is Mr. Julius Schwartz, of Glen Oaks, New York. During the past two decades, Schwartz has amassed photostats of more than 23,000 different dedications.

Because the pickings are so vast, most dedication-collectors specialize in a particular category. Usually the subject is influenced by their vocation. A New London, Conn. minister, the Rev. John Wiley, saves only tributes dedicated to Biblical charac-

ters. A Chicago University language professor restricts his specimens to dedications written in Latin. A Long Island pediatrician, Dr. Leonard Ehrlich, has an album of more than seventy fly-leaves dedicated to infants. Prize of his collection is a book by Inez McEwen dedicated "To William Craig, my infant grandson, the only gent on whom I've been able to pin anything."

ACCORDING to Mr. Schwartz, who should know, almost invariably a writer dedicates his first book to his spouse or his sweetheart.

Filial respect for fathers and mothers is evidenced by the fact that most second novels are frequently dedicated to the author's parents. Third novels, reports Schwartz, generally pay homage to children, brothers and other blood relations. Literature's dedicatory pages abound with numerous tributes to the animal kingdom, with many a pet-loving writer by-passing his human acquaintances in favor of some more faithful four-footed friend. Ouida's *Puck* was inscribed to her dog. Oliver Herford dedicated *A Kitten's Garden of Verses* to his celebrated Persian cat, Hafiz.

Edgar Rice Burroughs, appreciative of how African fauna had won him fame and fortune, dedicated one of his Tarzan tomes to Sabor, the tiger. Rud Weatherwax, owner of Lassie, reports that no less than four juvenile books have been dedicated to his million-dollar collie, a

canine kudo which makes Lassie Literature's No. 1 dog of distinction.

Quite a few writers use the medium of the dedication to thumb their noses at critics, publishers and readers. When Morrie Ryskind wrote *Unaccustomed As I Am*, he inscribed it thus:

"Dedicated to the Great American Democracy — may it bring me royalty."

Similarly, Edward Arlington Robinson dedicated one of his books "To any man, woman or critic who will cut the edges of it. I have cut the top."

Professional humorists, true to form, always salt their dedications with a *bon mot* designed to tickle the funnybones of their readers, probably on the premise that a quip on the fly-leaf is a promise of additional mirth on the succeeding pages.

This glimpse of book dedications would hardly be complete without mention of the late Mark Hellinger, the famous Broadway columnist and raconteur. Hellinger had started many an obscure writer on a literary career by publishing his initial efforts in his column. It rankled him that not one of these authors had ever expressed gratitude via a dedication in one of their books. So, when Hellinger published his anthology of short stories, *The Ten Million*, he dedicated it thus:

"Because no one will appreciate the book nearly so much, the author affectionately dedicates it to —

MARK HELLINGER."

Verna Hull

BRUSHLESS PAINTER

BY IRENE CORBALLY KUHN

IN SUCCESS STORIES about men, the subjects — unless they're crooners or Liberace — are usually fat, fatuous and far past forty. Success stories about women can deal, as this one proposes to do, with a young woman — the exceedingly pretty, exceptionally talented Verna Hull.

This silvery ash blond, hazel-eyed artist is in her thirties and looks younger. She's something new in painters, an artist with a new style; and her paintings, done without benefit of any technical instruction or training, not even an hour's teaching or coaching, sell as fast as she finishes them. What's more, she's never had a show in a gallery, never been scrutinized, criticized or analyzed by a critic. Word-of-mouth praise from delighted clients has brought her orders from Billie Burke for her California home, Greta Garbo for her New York town house, and nearly a hundred others in the three years she's been painting.

Miss Hull, besides being a talented artist, is every man's idea of what a pretty woman should be. She has a

traffic-stopping figure, warmth and vivacity, and an indefinable special kind of charm. She has real style and chic expressed with feminine subtlety in quiet, simple clothes. The clothes, like the unusual frames she designs and makes for her paintings, are the just-right setting for her abundant vitality and bubbling personality.

She's the daughter of the late well-known California psychiatrist, Dr. Vernon Herbst, for whom she was named. As a child, she enjoyed a rare experience — a normal, warm, affectionate relationship not only with her father and mother, but with her step-mother who married Dr. Herbst after Verna's mother divorced him, and two step-sisters and a step-brother.

All the girl's growing up was done in Southern California, in Pasadena where she was born and had her early schooling, and Los Angeles. She was graduated from the Westridge School for Girls and then went to the University of California in Los Angeles where she majored in psychology.

One would think a beautiful, natural blonde, born and brought up in a neighboring suburb to Hollywood, would be snapped up for the movies. But the native sons and daughters of California, like so much else with a domestic label, often are passed up by pickers who take it for granted any foreign import is better than the homegrown product.

Verna Hull, fortunately for her young ego, never wanted to be in pictures. She wanted to *take* pictures. So she did two years' post-graduate work in photography in preparation for a career in that field. She had come to this choice of careers while she was working in one of the Douglas aircraft plants making planes during the war.

ONCE she was sure she'd mastered the art of commercial photography, the resolute Miss Hull, who always knows what she wants to do and where she's going, got on the Santa Fe "Chief" and made a bee-line for New York with her samples. They were so good she could have gone to work on the staff of *Vogue*.

"Everybody is dying to work for *Vogue*," she said. "So they all thought I was crazy when I said all I wanted was that somebody get me an introduction to Blumenfeld. He's the best fashion photographer in the business for my money. His work is in all the top magazines — *Harper's Bazaar*, *Vogue*, all of them. I got tired of waiting for an introduction so I just went to him myself and

he was good enough to take me on.

"I worked for him for a year and a half. I was a darkroom technician. I developed and printed like mad, and wrestled with props and cameras. I just did everything. My, it was exciting at first. But all of a sudden one day, I decided something was lacking. It was all too mechanical. It came to me that I really didn't want to be a fashion photographer after all. I never *could* remember the right lens openings anyway. And I hated the mechanical end of photography."

Even then the creative yeast must have been working in the exuberant Hull personality, but she couldn't identify the restlessness that drove her to quit the job she had wanted so much.

"I just up and left one day. That was all. I sold everything I owned in the way of cameras, all my equipment, everything. I didn't even leave myself a Brownie. I took all the money and had a fling at business," she said, relishing the recollection of the upheaval and the adventurous new move.

"I went into the antiques business. Josephine Markin and myself, just the two of us. Jo's a friend of mine. We traveled all over the country, scouting and buying antiques for clients and collectors. That was six years ago."

Miss Hull's innate taste was her only guide at first. She has a sure eye for the right thing; and she could have done well in the antiques

business had she chosen to remain in it. As it is, her sure eye for bargains and beauty has filled with treasures her small apartment in New York where she does all her own cooking and housekeeping and painting, and the old farm house in Westchester which she bought and renovated last summer.

IN THE MIDST of his daughter's exciting and profitable business venture, Dr. Herbst died suddenly in California. The bond between the doctor and his daughter was strong; and the shock of his untimely end stayed with her for a long time. Healthy as a horse, with all the drive of a high-powered dynamo, she began to suffer from insomnia. A marriage and divorce added complications. One night, after counting sheep until she ran out of numbers, she got up and started pacing the apartment. She was staying in the rooms of an artist friend who was traveling abroad, and there were canvases and tubes of color and all the usual artists' paraphernalia in profusion.

Miss Hull's pacing led her to the kitchen. She had a cup of tea and an inspiration. She got some canvas and paints, and began to daub colors on the canvas, working only with an old kitchen paring knife. Her fingers seemed to have a magic in them, moving almost without volition, as she remembers it now, and she chose colors instinctively, working quickly with the ten-cent-store knife with

the broken blade. She began to see form and meaning emerge on the canvas as she created a pleasing arrangement of colors and shapes. Soon she was healthily tired, and without even looking at what she had done, she went to bed and slept a long, deep sleep, the best eight hours' rest she had had in months.

"When I woke up I thought I'd dreamed it," she said. "But there was paint all over my hands. I rushed out to the kitchen and sure enough, there on the table with the empty tea cup was the painting I'd done. I couldn't believe it. Here I was, with something that wasn't half bad, really — I knew that — and I'd never had a drawing lesson in my life.

"That was the end of my insomnia. Every night I'd get ready for bed, toss around for a while, then get up and go into the kitchen. Before I knew it, I had a pretty good collection of paintings. Not only that, I was beginning to get to sleep easily again. I don't know what I did with that first painting; I really don't. I suppose I have it tucked away somewhere. I was more interested in licking my insomnia than in painting so I didn't pay too much attention to those first jobs," she said, laughing. "But that first year, as I look back on it — it was 1951 — was really exciting. What am I saying? It was thrilling!"

It was not only thrilling, it was sensational, when you add everything up. Miss Hull naturally talked

to friends about her "insomnia paintings," and they wanted to see them. When they saw them, they wanted to buy them. Miss Hull didn't want to part with any of them so she priced them at \$800 and \$1,000 to discourage buyers. To her complete astonishment, people bought them even at those prices and asked for more.

IN THE FIRST two years she painted 60 pictures and sold them all. Last year she did 30 or 40 more and she's keeping some of these in reserve because she is now being importuned to show what she's done, not only in New York, but in Rome, Madrid, Paris and London. Art critics and connoisseurs are interested in her three painting techniques. The first, she calls the "taking away" method. She applies paint heavily and thickly to the canvas and then makes the picture by removing the excess, leaving a smooth surface. Where one painter brushes in his picture stroke over stroke, Miss Hull uncovers her theme or subject with the flat of a knife. Her "Navajo Indians" is in this style. The second is the "putting on" technique. These pictures are like sculptures in paint. "Clown in Window" is done in this style.

In the third Hull style, the paint is applied to the canvas generously. Then, while the paint is still wet, the picture is drawn on the canvas — etched, really — with the sharp point of a palette knife, a kind of en-

graving technique, which is arresting and effective. All Miss Hull's pictures are fully composed in her mind's eye before she works, so her touch is sure and quick.

While there has been no gallery showing of her paintings, New Yorkers became aware of her last spring from her first exhibition, limited in time and space, but seen by thousands, because the "show" was behind the plate glass windows of Saks Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Adam Gimbel, wife of the store's president, is Sophie, one of the country's top designers. Her sister, Janet McLeay, had bought a Hull painting and was an enthusiastic fan. She sold the idea of a window display to her designer sister, and a group of paintings, carefully chosen for color contrast, made a decorative background for Sophie's navy blue originals for spring in the store's six main Fifth Avenue windows for a whole week.

Another of Miss Hull's early clients was Edward Donahue, president of the Firth Carpet Company, and a member of the Woolworth-Hutton-Donahue clan. Miss Hull delivered the picture to his office late one afternoon. He left it on a table, leaning against the wall, until he could decide just where to hang it.

The next morning he found a note on his desk. "Dear Mister," he read, "please don't hang this picture. Let it stay where it is, leaning against the wall like this, friendly-like. We like it." It was signed "The Cleaning

Woman," and Mr. Donahue thought someone was playing a joke on him until he realized that the note did indeed come from one appreciative member of that night-time army of plain, drab women who work in the skyscrapers of New York in their dark and empty hours after all the recruits in the busy 9 to 5 army have left.

GERALD BROCKHURST, the famous portrait painter of Bishop Fulton Sheen, Barney Baruch, General "Hap" Arnold and others, is an old friend, and Miss Hull painted a small picture for his birthday. Mr. Brockhurst took down an etching from the wall and hung the little Hull painting in its place.

Miss Hull's curiosity about the artist whom she had replaced was acute.

"It's a Rembrandt," Mr. Brockhurst told her.

The young woman protested that she should not displace a work by Rembrandt who, besides being one of the greatest of the Old Masters, also was probably the finest etcher who ever lived.

Mr. Brockhurst smiled. "That spot is just right for your picture," he said. "The light is exactly right for it there. Rembrandt would be the first to say so," he added. "He knew more about light than any artist who ever lived."

Samuel Le Tulle, the industrial designer, has Verna Hull's "Lute Player," a study in red and black,

hanging between a Picasso and a Braque in his home. Mrs. Irving Shaw, wife of a well-known Washington attorney, commissioned three paintings in a panel, a special order for her blue and white living room in Cherry Hill, Baltimore. Mrs. Charles Feldman, wife of the Hollywood film executive, has two Haitian scenes. Billie Burke's picture, "Yesterday," is somehow evocative of her feminine personality as well as the golden days of her great triumphs on the New York stage before she married Florenz Ziegfeld. It is all in soft pinks and greens, figures in turn-of-the-century clothes, drifting dimly across the canvas.

Garbo's is a small painting, "White Roses," greys and soft charcoal tones against a turquoise background, done because she wanted a painting of flowers for a pink and red room.

Lew Parker, the radio comedian, Margaret Lindsay, the actress, and Bob Considine, the writer, all own Hull paintings.

The half hundred or so owners of these first Hulls were glad to pay stiff prices for their canvases because they were betting on the attractive young artist's future. Now that her future seems assured, she has reluctantly admitted what the society columnists have been whispering about her — that she is heiress to some of the Sears, Roebuck mail order millions. She was able to keep it a secret for the ten years she's been in New York, a record for anybody, and a miracle for a woman.

How We Can Abolish the **INCOME TAX**

By Hugo E. Czerwonky

THE MOST precious heritage that we can bequeath to our children is a lifelong partnership in a society wherein widespread work opportunity persistently prevails. For only then can they be truly free, both economically and politically. Yet this great heritage we are unwittingly denying them because of general ignorance in economics.

The great need is to deal with each problem as part of an economic whole. It is thus impossible to deal with the present subject — elimination of the income tax — without linking it to vital changes in the working tools of the Federal Reserve Board for controlling the flow of money into the economic bloodstream; in a labor policy that now ignores the urgent need for maximum growth of work opportunity; in our old-age security system, in foreign and farm programs.

It is also obviously impossible to cover all these factors in the space available here, but granting that these changes could be made — and indeed they can — the American worker can then be relieved of the burden of the Federal income tax, which more than any other single instrument eats away our potential savings accumulation which is at the heart of our security and our prosperity.

The Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution, proposed to the States' Legislatures by the 61st Congress in 1909 and ratified by 42 States by 1913, provides that: "The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever sources derived, without apportionment among the several States, and without regard to any census or enumeration."

Professor Harley L. Lutz of Princeton, recently quoted editorially by the *New York Mirror*, says: "I remember when there was no income

From the Sunday Mirror Magazine, New York, by permission.

tax. I remember the arguments of those who were fearful that an income tax would mean exposure of personal and private affairs to a stranger; and I remember the answer that this would be guarded against by having each person make out his own return. I remember the prediction that the income tax rate might be as high as ten per cent, to which the reply was — ‘Don’t talk nonsense! Of course the rate will never be that high.’”

More than twenty of our States have now, through their Legislatures, adopted a proposed amendment seeking to limit the income tax rate to a maximum of 25 per cent. Others, more uncompromising, would start the lengthy and elaborate machinery necessary to repealing the Sixteenth Amendment outright — as the Eighteenth Amendment was repealed by the Twentieth.

Actually, we do not need either of these methods to abolish the Federal income tax. The Sixteenth Amendment empowers the Congress to levy and collect a tax on incomes: it nowhere states that the Congress must do so. Any Congress which wishes to weigh the economic evidence may, at its discretion and at any time, simply discontinue collection of the income tax — and let the repeal of the amendment wait.

WHERE, then, does the Federal government get its revenue? First, by assisting in the establishment of the principle of maximum

production and hence maximum work opportunity. With his “take-home pay” identical with his full wage, the working man would be more prosperous and far more likely to avoid the costly wage losses through strikes. Of course, his right to strike would continue to be respected — but he would have far less reason to use it.

The maximum-jobs principle of taxation contemplates that Federal government would depend for its revenue on the following:

1. A manufacturers’ sales or excise tax on *all* finished consumers’ goods — prepared food, clothing, radios, television sets, automobiles, refrigerators, furs, jewelry, luggage, cigars, cigarettes, beverages, toilet preparations, all the necessities and luxuries.

2. A compensating duty on imported goods to balance the excise tax on our own domestically-produced consumers’ goods.

3. A tax on all travel, foreign and domestic, whether by rail, bus, ship or airplane.

4. A modification of our present estate and gift taxes, so as to conserve large accumulations of savings.

5. An income tax retained *only* on incomes derived from foreign investments, and with no personal exemptions.

It will be seen this program is designed to keep American savings within the United States where they can be put to use for the common good. It will be easier to borrow money and borrowers can fulfill

plans for new enterprises or expansion for money will be in banks and officials will think twice before making large-scale expenditures.

The income tax, both individual and corporate, defeats the major objective of increasing the flow of money into accounts. The hard hit "take-home" pay envelope for many of us today makes savings virtually impossible. For many it doesn't even make ends meet.

The income tax is in fact the worst offender in the consumption of prospective savings for governmental expenditures and thus is an impediment to maximum growth of plant and equipment.

IN INDUSTRY it is estimated it takes a capital investment of \$14,000 to create one new job. When the burden of the income tax is lifted from the wage earner's pay envelope a good part of that money will be in savings or increased insurance and that \$14,000 per new job will be available for the investment.

Adoption of the income tax, including the capacity-to-pay principle on which it is based, was actually a backward economic move, which if not reversed now, will mean more and more governmental intervention in business activity, and the economic frustration of the little fellow. It is one of the greatest enemies of the underprivileged because it freezes their economic status.

The New York *Daily Mirror* editorialized on this very matter on Oc-

tober 4 under the heading "Weapon For National Suicide." Asking "Why does **not** our Government give another look at the general excise tax?" the editorial commented on the "obviously unfair provisions (of the income tax) which benefit, for instance, an oil producer but prevent a storekeeper from increasing his capital."

As a matter of fact, if our Federal and State governments had deliberately set out to restrict work opportunity, they couldn't have invented a better device than the income tax. If we would aid and abet disaster, then we only need to continue our present course in taxation.

The income tax was never a good thing, even in moderation. It was the invention primarily of men who tried to make taxation a separate and independent science, when in reality it is no more than a small part of the science of economics.

The first important income tax was levied in England during 1798-1816, as a war revenue measure, but it did not become a permanent income tax there until 1874. The United States' first levy on income was imposed in 1862, but was discontinued in 1874. The Sixteenth Amendment, adopted in 1913, made it a permanent measure.

A general property tax formerly met requirements in the United States satisfactorily, but as property increasingly assumed forms that escaped taxation, the burden on farms, once the usual form of property, be-

came more than they could carry. Today, that same story is being told with regard to business — particularly little business.

The tax should never have been a question of capacity-to-pay. The accent should be on increased job opportunities. Greater use of workers' savings can then provide prosperity, new jobs and larger revenue from a general excise tax.

THE ADVOCATE of maximum work opportunity realizes that those employed in industry must have tools to work with and buildings to house them, that the building of these tools and the erection of the structure to house them are made possible through savings within the community.

What would happen to your State income tax in relationship to the "maximum jobs principle of taxation"?

States and municipalities would find an excellent source of revenue in a fixed per cent tax on public utilities bills such as electricity, gas, water, telephone, telegraph, etc. Wherever State corporation income taxes and individual income taxes exist, other sources of revenue should be substituted with the minimum of

delay. What the States and local governments should particularly avoid are business taxes that are not related to direct services rendered by these governments.

Such a tax policy by the States and municipalities as well as the Federal government will unquestionably put lenders with savings in competition with each other for opportunities to make sound investments with those seeking to borrow. The wage earner's economic position would be strengthened not only by more favorable wage rates — his real wages — but by more favorable interest rates enabling him to own a home, an automobile and other things which make for a better life.

Without reflection on either Democrat or Republican policies, the record shows there are between 800,000 and 1,000,000 men and women who want work, but have been unable to find jobs. The unemployment record shows that for a few months there were as many as 1,500,000 jobless and of these 400,000 had been out of work 15 weeks or more.

There is no excuse for that much unemployment in this country. We can abolish the income tax, make more jobs, and insure the prosperity and security of our future.



HE RUNS A TRAVEL AGENCY *for* **HORSES**

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BY JAMES H. WINCHESTER

FIVE YEARS AGO, John J. McCabe, an ex-Navy enlisted man, was working as an airline mechanic at New York City's busy LaGuardia Field.

Today, having parlayed an idea into practical reality, he is operating one of the world's unique businesses — an aerial travel agency, for horses.

Catering to the aerial travel needs of thoroughbred racers, arranging for their transport from one race track to another, McCabe has doubled his business each year since it began. In 1949, his first year, he handled fewer than 300 horses. This year, he expects to ship well over 3,500. In one of his busiest weeks last year, McCabe had race horses in the air on 35 separate flights. During that busy period, one of his flying grooms, who accompany each horse from stall to stall, was in the

air for 108 hours in 10 days, nearly twice the time that American commercial airline pilots are allowed to fly each month.

The importance of McCabe's four-footed aerial customers can be gauged by judging the calibre of only a few of the steeds he flew between race tracks both in this country and abroad last year. There was "Determine," who winged from New York to Louisville to win the Kentucky Derby. "Correlation" was another McCabe-arranged aerial transportation deal from Los Angeles to Florida. There the high-money winner copped the \$100,000 Florida Handicap, then was flown on another air freighter to New York City, where he romped off with another \$100,000 purse in the Wood Memorial at Belmont Park. For the third running of the International

Stakes at Laurel in Maryland, McCabe flew in every horse in the race, including those entered by Britain's Queen Elizabeth from England.

MCCABE'S BUSINESS is founded on service. To ensure safety, both in flight and on the ground, he has had to develop much of his own apparatus. He designed and built his own special loading ramps, of which there are now 16 strategically placed at key airports across the United States through which he handles the bulk of his shipments. He also designed special stalls which can be easily and quickly fitted inside any freight aircraft. These sturdy affairs, which weigh 300 pounds, have waterproof floors and are completely lined with foam rubber. McCabe has also designed padded leather helmets, bandages, knee-boots and special harness as added protection for his four-footed customers in flight.

Time is an important factor in shipping thoroughbreds. Race horses travelling long distances by sea tend to become restive. They get stale from lack of exercise, lose their appetites and suffer from lack of proper sanitation. It takes at least 12 days to transport a horse by freighter from Europe to the United States. By plane, the Atlantic is crossed in 17 hours. Horses that fly can be exercised the day after they land and galloped the next.

McCabe, a soft-spoken Irishman, works continuously to awaking horse

owners to the air age. One of his biggest sales arguments is that horses can train in favorable weather until almost post-time and then be flown to the locale of the race only a day or so before post-time, in tip-top shape, fit to run for the money.

A horse named "Forbes" broke a world's record two hours after being unloaded from a flight from Syracuse, New York, to Baltimore, Maryland. Another famous aerial traveller was "Count Turf." McCabe shipped this horse from New York to Louisville and five days later it won the 1951 Kentucky Derby. He shipped a horse from New York to Chicago, picked up another in Chicago and had it flown back to New York in the same plane. Both raced the next day and won.

McCabe has arranged the transport of race horses by air for the Aga Khan, both in Europe and across the Atlantic to the United States. Other McCabe air shipments have been made to Egypt, Australia, Singapore and South America.

McCabe doesn't own or operate any airplanes himself. He merely books the space on regular air freights, just as a regular travel agent books space for a vacationist on the way to Europe, and handles all the arrangements for the horse owners, including the furnishing of in-flight stalls for the steeds and the services of his own flying grooms.

In addition to providing in-flight stalls, safety gear and a groom to attend the animals in flight, McCabe

also supplies the proper feed and an ample amount of drinking water. He collects the horses from their own stables, trucks them to and from the airports and delivers them to the stables at their destinations. On overseas flights he handles all clearance papers and customs formalities and makes sure that local animal health regulations are observed. He also arranges transportation for jockeys, grooms, and trainers who accompany their thoroughbred charges.

The owners pay all the bills covering the aerial shipment of their horses. A groom accompanying a horse is charged a special fare, usually less than the tourist-class rate for regular airline passengers.

Then there is insurance. For stable-to-stable coverage on an animal valued at \$100,000, Lloyd's of London will issue a policy which includes a transatlantic flight for \$750. If the owner wishes to insure against accident on the transatlantic flight only, that is, from airport-to-airport, Lloyd's will cover the risk at \$1 for every \$1,000 of the animal's value.

When all expenses are added up, McCabe submits a bill for 10 per cent of the total, which is his fee for handling everything. McCabe's fees are paid by the shippers themselves.

Having established himself in the race track field, McCabe last year branched out to arrange for transporting other types of valuable animals. He flew a prize bull, worth \$100,000, from Kansas City to Philadelphia, fixed up the transatlantic

travel details for a troupe of prancing horses flying from England to the annual National Horse Show at New York's Madison Square Garden, and arranged the passage by plane for Roy Rogers' horse "Trigger" from Los Angeles to London and back again.

MCCABE first started in the horse business when he was 16 years old, leaving school to take a job as an exercise boy around the New York City race tracks. In 1940, he joined American Airlines as an apprentice mechanic, and then he was drafted into the U.S. Navy in 1944.

He came out of the Navy in February, 1946, and returned to American Airlines, where he remained until 1949. It was during this period that he decided that there was a business future in the handling of valuable livestock.

Today, with a permanent office opposite the Belmont race track in New York, McCabe has more than a dozen people working for him. These include a small office staff, agents who comb the nation's race tracks for business, grooms who travel with the horses entrusted to his care, and a mechanic-general-handy-man who helps to maintain McCabe's equipment.

After five years of business, it's McCabe's proudest claim that not one of the thoroughbreds under his shipping care has suffered so much as a scratch, either on the ground or while in the air.



The Top of the Morning

BY RUTH LOUISE JOHNSON

IT HAPPENS every March 17th. In the little town of St. Patrick, Missouri, thousands of letters arrive at this time to be stamped in green and decorated with a picture of St. Patrick, encircled by a slogan: "St. Patrick, Mo., the Only One in the World."

Last year 60,000 pieces of mail arrived, almost swamping the faithful workers in the rectory there. They came from every state in the nation and many foreign countries. A few years ago the Post Office did the job of stamping the letters, at which time four or five thousand were received. But requests piled up too high and the Post Office is no longer permitted to do this work. So the women of St. Patrick's Church took over, and any money received for this service, above the cost of stamps, goes into a building fund for a National Shrine of St. Patrick.

The pastor, Father Francis J. O'Duignan, hopes to build a new church to replace the frail building now being used. It will be of stone, in country style, with high gabled roof and low wall, and at one side

will be an Irish round tower similar to the ones in Ireland which were probably used for defense in the early days.

This northeast Missouri town has about fifty inhabitants, half of them Irish. Since the task of erecting a national shrine would be too great for such a small village, they hope that Irish people everywhere will be interested in making it truly national. It will be located on Erin Avenue.

Why do people send thousands of letters there to be stamped each year? Because, if there is a drop of Irish blood in a man's veins, he wants to wish the top o' the mornin' to someone somewhere. All the rest of the year he may be no different from his fellowmen, but on this day the poetry, the dreams, the romance, the music, the magic that lies deep in every Irishman's soul comes to the surface. And so he sends his letter to be stamped at St. Patrick, Missouri, or some other place with an Irish name, like Shamrock. Wherever he may live, on this one day of the year he becomes an Irishman.

The Public Be Damned

By Huntington Hartford

MR. DONALD ADAMS, a critic writing in the *New York Times*, has the following to say about his profession: "I doubt that criticism has ever reached a point as low as that to which it has fallen today. With few exceptions, criticism has become a monkish practice, divorced from life, bastardized by the assumption of scientific method, written in intolerable English, a jargonized medium of exchange between a group of individuals talking to one another and busily thumbing their noses at the average intelligent reader."

With criticism in America, by its own admission, having fallen to such depths, it is hardly surprising that our standards of literature and the arts have fallen with it. But nowhere have these standards taken such a dive as in the field of painting. Why has the fiasco of modern art not been possible to the same extent in literature or music or the drama? First, because people have traditionally been able to walk into museums free; they are willing to be a bit gullible when it costs them nothing. Again, standards in painting have never been as obvious as in

music or literature. If music lacks melody, it grates harshly on the ear. If a book uses too many garbled sentences, you stop reading. But painting — it's a free-for-all! You make up your own rules today, and anything goes.

Do many art critics deliberately set out to deceive and confuse and demoralize the public?

Let us look for a moment into the pages of the *Art News*, often considered the foremost magazine of its kind in the country. When the *Art News* sets to work to explain a painting, does the writer make a sincere effort to point out salient features which may help the intelligent reader to understand what he is talking about?

Mr. Willem de Kooning, Dutch artist turned American, spent two years working on a painting entitled "Woman" which was reproduced in varying stages of completion in the magazine. From every standpoint the final result was a hodge-podge, and I wondered how the critic would explain it.

"In the case of 'Woman,' de Kooning's latest," said he, "the stages of the painting . . . are nei-

ther better nor worse, more or less 'finished' than the terminus. Some might appear more satisfactory than the ending, but this is irrelevant." It was irrelevant to the *Art News*, in other words, whether the painting was better when completed than when it was begun. In fact, the critic went so far as to make a virtue of the delay in finishing it; he spoke of the work which de Kooning did in his Greenwich Village studio as a "voyage," and even talked about "the cities that were visited, friends that were met." Perhaps Mark Twain had a better idea of this picture when he told of the drawing of a lady who had as many arms as a spider because the artist could never decide which was the best pose.

How did the critic describe the painting itself? Let us quote him. "At first 'Woman' was sitting indoors on a chair. Then a window-shape at the upper right established a wall and distance — but she could have been outside a house as well as inside, or in an inside-outside porch space. This state of anonymous simultaneity (not no-specific-place but several no-specific-places) is seen more clearly in the few 'objects' which appeared, then disappeared around the seated figure. De Kooning claims the modern scene is no-environment and presents it as such."

WHAT kind of double-talk is this for the art departments of universities throughout the country to pass on to their students? "Am-

biguity," says the *Art News* enthusiastically, "exactly sought and exactly left undefined has been the recurrent theme in 'Woman'."

I am frankly bitter against those who encourage obscurity in painting — bitter because the kind of warped thinking which creates it is one of the prime movers in the current de-humanization of the arts. I am bitter about the methods of mass production which require only bright flat colors and startling designs — regardless of subject matter! — to attract the eye in the pages of slick-paper magazines. I am bitter, most of all, against the critics for either their utter irresponsibility or their auto-hypnosis — I have been unable to decide which — concerning modern art.

You look at one of these contemporary abstractions, and you can't make head or tail of it. "Just use your imagination," the critic tells you, "and you will begin to see what it really means to you."

"What does it mean to *you*?" you ask a bit defiantly as you stare at utter chaos.

"A bluebird winging its way across a lagoon in the moonlight," he replies without a tremor.

"But I can't see that at all," you counter.

"Of course not!" he exclaims triumphantly. "To each individual the painting means something different. To John Doe it is a python slowly curling its way about an elephant's trunk. To Jim Jones it is Fifth Ave-

nue and Forty-Second Street on a hot summer day. This painting was created with such purity and freedom of expression that no two human beings can see it in the same way."

What can you possibly answer to such nonsense? Having cleared the deck of all legitimate standards of art, the critics are quite free to make their own standards and establish their own little dictatorship. The art world has its constitution and its bill of rights too, my friends, and when you become party to their public burning in the streets, when you refuse to stand up for your own opinion even in so insignificant a branch of your life as this, you are hastening the day when you will no longer have the opportunity to voice that opinion.

It is perhaps unfortunate that the art-loving public is not required to pay four-eighty top to spend an evening looking at paintings, for on occasion their reaction might be fully as vociferous as that of the theatre-goers, and the art critics might wake up to the true value of their wares.

Tennessee Williams recently wrote a play called *Camino Real*. The setting was classified in the program as having no time and no place. A chorus of dancers were described in the stage directions as having "a look of immense torpor as if they were stunned or drugged." The hero, Kilroy, walked about with a red light blinking on his nose talking

about seeing "nothin' but nothin' and then some more nothin'." When Casanova made a long romantic speech to Camille about his shirt tails being aflame with love, she replied, "Don't con me."

Although Brooks Atkinson, the dean of the theatre critics, called this play "as eloquent and rhythmic as a piece of music," the public had a different opinion of it. "There have been plenty of indications," admitted the playwright, "that this play will exasperate and confuse a certain number of people. . . . At each performance a number of people have stamped out of the auditorium, with little regard for those whom they have to crawl over, almost as if the building had caught on fire, and there have been sibilant noises on the way out and demands for money back if the cashier is foolish enough to remain in his box."

IT EXASPERATED the public, all right, and closed in a few weeks. But if it had been an exhibition of "avant garde" modern art the critics would have managed to breathe artificial respiration into it for months.

It appears that I am doing a good deal of raving and ranting, and perhaps the long-suffering reader is beginning to wonder if all my comment is on the destructive side. Quite the contrary — I have definite standards and ideals concerning painting. But before I discuss them I would like to present a definition. I have used the word "abstraction"

in reference to modern art and in general I used it as a catch-all to include a multitude of sins. But the word is also useful in a more positive sense: there is the need for a general term to represent painting — so prevalent today — at the opposite pole from the photographic. When ordinary objects are stylized to the point of being symbols, for example, the picture becomes an abstraction. When harmony of color and line is carried to the point of cubism, the result can be termed abstraction; when the desire of the artist (under the title of expressionism) is to project originality on the canvas at the expense of all else — once again abstraction. Perhaps I will even use the term when referring to certain acute cases of surrealism. I confess that in using one rather obvious word to encompass so many types of painting I am flirting with confusion; but I can only reply that there would be even more confusion were I forced to differentiate fauvism from futurism or dadaism from dodoism or doodlemania from — well, you see what I mean.

In my opinion there are definite standards of art which are capable of being easily understood not only by experts but by art lovers in general. I believe them to be of so universal a nature that no art critic — myself included! — can have the pleasure of announcing them as his own invention. Let us see what they are.

In the twentieth century we are scoundrels, are we not, if we are not

broad-minded enough to accept the most flagrant kind of abstractionism as gospel? But is it not equally true that a painter living during the eighteenth century in France would have been burned in effigy if he did not worship at the shrine of the purely photographic?

Which of these schools of thought represents great art? It should be obvious to the merest neophyte in the subject that neither do; great art lies somewhere between the two extremes, in the area where the personality of the artist has a chance to express itself. I will go so far as to say that it always lies somewhere in the middle, and never at the ends. By the same token it becomes clear why the middle period of most great artists, as for example Rembrandt or Turner, was their most successful. In their youth the work of both Rembrandt and Turner was very photographic; learning to see and draw, they were almost copyists. In middle age there was an equitable mixture of the photographic and the abstract. Then in their last days they became too tired to bother much with subject matter, and their paintings became overly personal and stylized and esoteric.

WHY cannot the artist express himself easily at one end of the scale or the other — either by a photographic copy or a pure abstraction? The answer is simple. Suppose, for example, that he wishes to paint a portrait of his mother. If he

paints her exactly as the eye sees her, he has plainly done no more and no less than the camera would have done; thus he has made no comment on her. If he permits his emotions, on the other hand, to carry him to the point where she is no longer his mother but (as Picasso painted and described his father) a group of packing cases, he has likewise made no comment — at least none that anyone is aware of. For the artist to react most effectively on canvas the painting must be neither too close to the subject matter at one extreme nor to his own emotions at the other.

To put it another way, there must be a particular subject or group of subjects for the artist to paint (and for us to understand). Given this, he must take us by the hand, figuratively, and lead us into the realm of the beautiful, the ideal — into the realm, if you wish, of the abstract and of the emotions. He must lead us from the small white cottage which he is painting to the memory of a cottage, perhaps, where we lived as a child. He must lead us from the objective study of one old man to a love for all the old men in the world. The great artist is a great personality, a great man; and it is this personality, working its magic on the subject matter, which metamorphosizes it into a form most appetizing to the observer. The pure essence of such everyday objects as a chair or a table of which Plato spoke might well afford a momentous preview in history of this flow-

ering from the real into the ideal. But even in the ideal and eternal world of Plato, if I remember correctly, you could still distinguish the chair from the table.

GREAT PAINTING, whether as nearly photographic as a Holbein or as nearly abstract as a Cezanne — must, *must* have a little of its opposite to be great, just as there has usually been a dash of the opposite sex (whether male or female, no matter) in great personalities throughout history. A Holbein might seem at first glance to have been snapped by a camera, but nothing is farther from the truth — the artist has poured his life blood into it. His subject may seem to the casual observer no more than a simple drawing or an unobtrusive portrait, but this simple drawing is perhaps one of the greatest ever placed on canvas, and there is a reason for the fact. Dull and stodgy — from the “*avant garde*” point of view! — Holbein manages to step right into the bailiwick of the abstractionists and emerge with his own individual samples of color and design and beauty (that “*terrible word*,” as the *Art News* calls it) which the most modern painter might be proud to emulate.

By the same token a Cezanne, on the other hand, might sometimes seem so impressionistic that it appears incoherent. But whether it was a house, or a forest, or a portrait, or a group of swimmers, it may cer-

tainly be said of Cezanne, though he used the abstract to great advantage, that he rarely permitted himself to be swallowed up by it. It was generally his servant, not his master. And to what purpose did he use it? To find a subject in the twining of trees or the interplay of human limbs teetering so close on the brink of pure design that with the flick of a wrist he might turn it into an Oriental arabesque? Far from it! Though Cezanne's works may seem engrossed with design and the contrast of color, they are engrossed for only one reason — to bring out the spirit and the inner essence of the subject which he happens to be painting. After walking through forests for years he has finally discovered all the significant details which make it a forest instead of a bar in Chicago and he is attempting to put them down on canvas. What is his ambition in doing so? Why would he not be satisfied with a colored photograph on the one hand or an arabesque on the other? Because he wants to make the forest he reproduces as close as a human being can possibly make it to the one which he sees and feels and hears and smells in his wanderings. He will never succeed in replacing an actual walk among the trees with his canvas, but at least he will be able to say to us: this painting reminds you of the trees, doesn't it? It makes you want to take a walk in those woods back home where you played as a child, isn't it so?

At this point I can hear artists screaming on all sides — "Hey, wait a minute! It's all very well to talk about making a comment on real people and real objects, but you're only being naïve. We've gone far beyond real objects. It is our inalienable right as artists to make any kind of comment we want on canvases, with no more regard for the dull and pedestrian Reality of which you talk than for the people who happen to see our painting. We, the artists, are individualists, and our aim in working laboriously at our task is to express ourselves to the fullest of our capacity; what right have you to circumscribe us with petty rules and regulations?"

With the spirit of such a speech, I must admit, I am in full accord; self-expression in an artist is the most fundamental of virtues. I will even go so far as to agree, at the risk of an inconsistency somewhere along the line, that from a certain aspect it is acceptable for the artist to ignore his public. "To thine own self be true" — if the artist is sincerely true to the best that he has to offer, there is little need of his worrying about what the public thinks. There is at least one point, however, at which I disagree with the contemporary artist, and this point, like the Russian veto in the United Nations, is sufficient to throw all my palm branches into the fire. It is quite impossible for me to believe that there can be any genuine artistry, any real truth, any individuality, yes, any self-

xpression — unless the artist is willing to accept the fact that he must communicate with his audience, and that a world which is reasonably recognizable to the public must be the basis of all his work.

ONE PICTURE is worth a thousand words, say the Chinese, and there is profundity in the statement. There is a swiftness and excitement in the painter's manner of telling a story by depicting real objects on canvas which the writer himself has often envied. Is there any more sense in the painter giving up the very reason for his use of lines and colors in the first place — the realism of subject matter — than there is for the author to write abracadabra such as James Joyce attempted? Why throw unnecessary obstacles in a path which predecessors for so many centuries have been trying to clear?

Of course communication is necessary to art, as it is to all phases of life. In the final analysis, however, it is only a means to an end: if the artist wishes to make us understand him, it is because he has something important to say — because, consciously or otherwise, he desires his painting to be an instrument of justice.

The purpose of great art, in my opinion, is a moral one; without such a purpose, one would be at a loss to explain the tremendous veneration in which art and artists have been held even to the irreverent present.

If a painter tells a story, as in the case of "The Last Supper" or "The Descent From The Cross," the moral is an obvious one, and even the most literal person will have no difficulty in understanding what the artist is trying to say. But in the large majority of paintings, particularly those of modern times, the moral is sublimated in such a way by the nature of the subject matter that it is almost invisible to the naked eye. What lesson can one draw, for example, from looking at a landscape of Inness or a seascape by Homer? The fact that the lesson is not easily expressed in words, however, is no indication of its absence; the teaching is simply taking place without the knowledge of the pupil. It is the old lesson which Beauty has taught for so many years without material compensation, the lesson of goodness and kindness and strength which has caused poets to identify it with the word "truth." But in cases where such beauty is indeed absent, particularly if it happens to be replaced on the canvas by ugliness or filth, there is little doubt of the alacrity with which the average observer will recognize the loss.

LET US EXAMINE one of those paintings of Jesus Christ by Rouault. Does this particular portrait carry the banner for religion? The first thing that strikes the eye upon observing it is a muddy color throughout and a few heavy black lines which are intended to depict the

outline of the tortured figure. Here and there the paint has been applied in so careless a manner that one can clearly see that it has run halfway down the canvas. The overall effect, needless to say, is one of extreme ugliness both of color and of delineation. Has the painter intended it that way? Why, to be sure. He is portraying the last agony of the Saviour upon earth, and the more violently he can impress us with the horror of the situation the more successfully, in his estimation, he will have told his story.

But it is at this point that I wish to take exception. He has not convinced us of the horror of the situation. He has presented nothing in the picture with which we can truly identify ourselves. To be more specific, he has presented the one figure in the scene by which the entire painting stands or falls, Christ, as unsympathetic. Had he wished, he might have placed the hill of Calvary in Dante's *Inferno* and my imagination could have gone along with him. But to present Jesus as ugly, stupid, bleary-eyed — if one can make out what He looks like at all in such a picture — has affected me to the point where I can't really believe that He has been worth all the adoration that so many generations have extended Him. Are we wrong about the intention of the painter, after all? Was his real purpose in creating this painting the destruc-

tion of religion rather than the furtherance of it? The mind may protest, and yet it is this very kind of suspicion which is so often verified by the bitter pronouncements of many of the artists of our day. When the church is on the lookout for works of art it would do well to consider whether or not the spirit of the work is as religious as the subject matter.

We Americans are constantly accused of being so preoccupied with business and money-making that we have little time for the arts. Perhaps, indeed, there is an element of truth in these statements. Whatever the case, I believe the diseases which infect the world of painting today — of obscurity, confusion, immorality, violence — are not confined either to this single art or even to the arts in general. These are the diseases which, if the disaster of dictatorship ever overtakes our fair country, will be a major cause of it, and since the germs exist in such a pure, unadulterated form in the realm of painting (as if they had been isolated and placed on a warm, moist canvas to multiply) I suggest with sincere deference that it is time we take a few minutes out of our busy lives and — do something about it! Ladies and gentlemen, form your own opinions concerning art. Don't be afraid to disagree — loudly, if necessary, with the critics. Stand up and be heard.



By Jess Stearn

WAITING

for the

AMBULANCE

With the recent passage of a New York City ordinance forbidding the use of sirens by ambulances, there has been a tragic upsurge of cases in which accident victims have died waiting for help. In a remarkably vivid style, Jess Stearn, feature writer for New York's famous Daily News, tells the story of this new problem—a grim lesson to other cities which may be faced with the same situation.

AS THE AMBULANCE sat waiting for a red light, the man on the stretcher suddenly became quiet. Hard-boiled Eddie Paul, who had been driving for Manhattan's St. Vincent's Hospital for 10 years, muttered something under his breath.

"Is he gone?" he called back into the van.

The ambulance attendant, already pulling a sheet over a limp figure, nodded glumly.

It was getting to be a familiar story.

Another man had died in New York that day, without getting a chance for hospital care. Another man had died while a New York ambulance, under orders from the city's Department of Hospitals, had observed the same traffic rules as any pleasure car.

Another man had died while an ambulance helplessly tried to weave

its way through a maze of midtown traffic, forbidden to use the siren which once cleared all lanes.

Another man had died while an ambulance took twice the time to accomplish a mission than before a recent city order designed to reduce accidents involving ambulances.

Forty minutes it had taken Eddie Paul to reach a dying man and get him back to the hospital—dead. "In the old days," observes driver Paul, "the whole trip would have taken 20 minutes."

In the old days, as the driver puts it, the victim would have been alive when the ambulance got back, not that treatment could have helped in this case. "Maybe we couldn't save some of these people anyway," a driver says, "but at least we should be able to give them a fighting chance."

It almost seemed incongruous for

the driver to hurry when he finally drove up for the victim, a freight handler who lay crushed under the wheels of a truck. On the way to the accident scene, some 20 blocks from the hospital, the driver had stopped for half a dozen red lights, several a full two-minute wait — because new rules provide that all ambulances stop for all red lights at all times.

In one block alone, he sat for five minutes waiting for traffic to budge, while motorists, refusing to give way, snickered at his tooting horn.

“Unless we use the siren,” a driver pointed out, “they don’t seem to realize we’re in a hurry.”

SIMILAR delays occur regularly in the congested areas of the city, since 100 ambulances serving 44 hospitals are affected by the city’s safety order.

Only recently citizens of the world’s greatest metropolis saw for themselves how the new safety measure works out when a truck went out of control on a bridge approach, bolted onto a sidewalk and pinned a passerby against a brick wall.

The grinding impact of many tons severed the poor man’s legs near the thigh. While he lay helplessly, his blood streaming over the walk, police put through an emergency call for an ambulance from Beekman-Downtown Hospital, nearest the scene.

Scores of pedestrians soon gathered in compassionate knots around the sufferer. As the minutes dragged,

the waiting grew anxious and tense. Every now and then somebody would dart a look up and down the avenue and curse. Soon everybody seemed to be asking, “Where’s that ambulance?”

Police, too, were nervously checking their watches.

Meanwhile, the ambulance was doing its best, against red lights and heavy traffic, held up for 15 minutes.

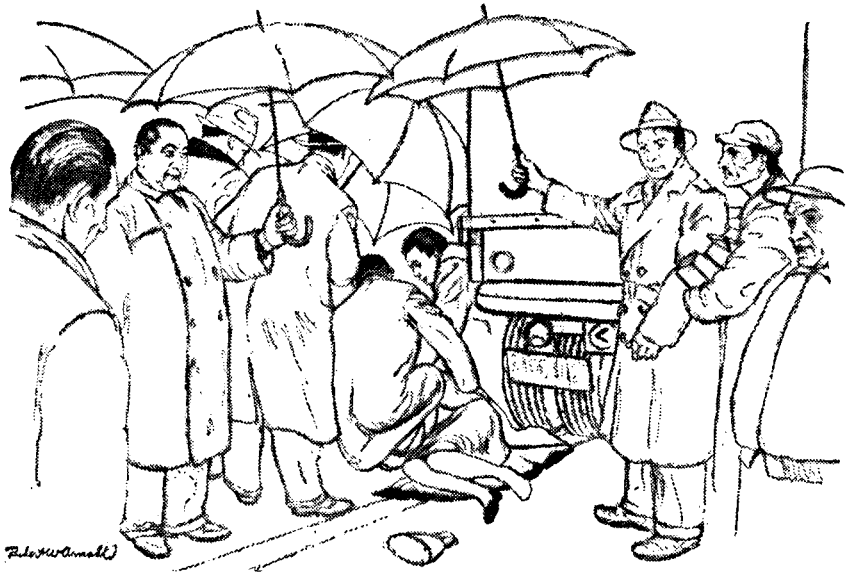
“Nobody gives us the right of way anymore,” a Beekman driver observed bitterly. “We put on our red lights to show it’s an emergency — they let us do that — but nobody notices them. We just don’t have a chance in traffic anymore.”

On the return trip, a police emergency car, siren screaming, cleared a path for the ambulance. However, escort service is not always available. Besides, it can be hazardous.

“Sometimes,” a driver relates, “the police car gets a block ahead of us. When it passes, traffic begins to spurt out of the side streets and we might get slammed.”

There is no telling anymore when any ambulance will arrive. In a side-street off Times Square, an ambulance, on an emergency run, was bottled 12 minutes in one block. At the other end of the block, two men were lying seriously injured on a walk. Police on the scene renewed their ambulance call.

At Police Headquarters, where all calls are routed, a telegrapher assured waiting police via two-way radio that an ambulance was on the way.



The ambulance driver, fuming at the wheel, overheard the exchange. He messaged back, "Sorry. Ambulance stalled in traffic."

"If we could have used our siren," this driver complained, "we would never have been bottled up like that. The siren would have called attention to us and the cops would have come down and cleared a lane."

"There was a mounted cop, a sergeant and a radio car standing around. They didn't even know we were there."

It required 40 minutes for a Bellevue Hospital ambulance, bucking crosstown traffic, to reach a man who had fallen from a nine-story window to his death. "It's a good thing," a hospital attendant said wryly, "that he didn't drop from the second floor."

There might have been something we could have done for him."

The new safety regulations have been in force since last November 1, following a nine-month test with Brooklyn ambulances operating without sirens and stopping for red lights. A drop in ambulance accidents during this period, from 17 to 9, was seen as conclusive by Dr. Basil C. MacLean, the new Commissioner of Hospitals brought in from out-of-town to run the city's hospitals.

THE USE of sirens on ambulances is "unnecessary and dangerous," the new commissioner declared. "I have felt for a long time that this practice is just spectacular stupidity. The minute or two that may be

saved by an ambulance speeding through with siren shrieking does not compensate for the great risk of serious traffic accidents."

However, drivers and doctors on ambulance duty insist that if only two calls out of 50 are emergencies, it is worth the sirens. "As a matter of fact," an ambulance-riding doctor points out, "ambulances shouldn't be used except on emergencies. That's what they're for."

Additional delays in ambulance service are caused by thousands of unnecessary demands, with ambulances often off on needless calls when urgent situations arise.

Some 22,000 calls were listed as unnecessary last year — nobody even around when the ambulance arrived. In countless other cases, passengers, riding free, could have made it to the hospital on their own. Many calls border on the absurd. Recently, a woman put through an emergency maternity call.

When the ambulance pulled up with a doctor, she pointed complacently to her dog. "You got here just in time," she said. "The poor dear is expecting pups."

Other calls have been made for ailing cats, by parents looking for baby-sitters, by stay-ups who are lonely and want to talk, by neurotics with imaginary ailments, by the lazy and irresponsible who have learned this is a convenient way of beating waiting lines at city clinics.

"It's cheaper than a cab or a bus," said one driver drily, "since we have

to pick them up and bring them in, and they know it."

IN SOME SECTIONS of the city, ambulances can't enter a block without residents happily tumbling out of their flats, surrounding the van and complaining of aches and pains. "We know that after an ambulance makes one call in certain streets," a driver says, "a whole series of calls from neighbors are sure to follow."

Chronic pests plague some hospitals a dozen times a week. One hospital's prize nuisance was an invalid on crutches, object of three or four ambulance calls a day.

"He'd get out on the street and get drunk," a driver related, "and his crutches would slip from under him. He'd fall down or hang on to something, and passersby would call the cops to send an ambulance. It looked like the poor guy was dying, when all he was was dead drunk."

"Four different people called one day for us to bring this guy in. On the fourth call, the doctor riding the ambulance got so sore at our time being wasted that he told us to drive to the nearest police station."

"The cops knew our friend. They told him that the next time he got into an ambulance they'd pull him in. We haven't heard from him since."

People are inclined to get ambulance-happy, particularly when it doesn't cost anything. A Bellevue ambulance recently got a summons to a New York State Unemployment

office. An unemployed man, unwilling to wait his turn, had insisted on being passed to the head of a line. A clerk explained he'd have to wait.

Temper flared. In a heated exchange, the irate citizen lifted the clerk's glasses, popped him in the eye. Police were called. The clerk,

nursing a budding shiner, insisted on hospital treatment. An ambulance was summoned. His assailant, rubbing bruised knuckles, demanded to be taken to Bellevue, too. "If he's going to make an ambulance case out of this," he said angrily, "then I'm going along, too."



MAN'S FIRST NEED *By J. Edgar Hoover*

Can a nation exist void of all religious thought and action? Can we have internal peace without morality? Can we build homes without God or have worthy parents who know not His teachings? Who is the fountainhead of justice, equity, truth, goodness and majestic integrity? What is the reason for life, its aims and its end?

The key to these problems, to life itself, is God. He is man's first need — his final goal. Religion, the bond that binds man to God, is the golden arch that leads to happiness.

My hope for the future of this nation is predicated upon the faith in God which is nurtured in the home. No outside influence of a constructive nature can overcome the lack of a guiding light in the home. If the trend toward crime is to be met, the spark of this light must be the knowledge of God and its fuel must be the understanding of Him and His works.

Parents must awaken to the realization that the family is the first great training school in behavior or misbehavior. Children develop a sense of right and wrong — they are not born with it. The home becomes for them their first classroom and parents serve

as their first teachers for the inspirational education of youth.

Through the medium of the home, the child must learn to appreciate the necessity for discipline and the need for law and order to guide the conduct of people in society. He must absorb lessons of good citizenship and recognize that he has the responsibility to take his place as a citizen of our country.

Above all, he must be taught a love and a knowledge of God. If these qualities are exemplified and taught in the family circle, the child will be fortified with a character that will be a forceful antidote against temptation.

Our nation is sadly in need of a rebirth of the simple life — a return to the days when God was a part of each household, when families arose in the morning with a prayer on their lips and ended the day by placing themselves in His care. We should revive the beautiful practice of offering thanksgiving at meals and bring back to the family circle the moments when father or mother unfolded the beautiful lessons of the Bible to eager, young listeners.

Let us return to the faith of our fathers and reap once again the harvest of God's blessings.

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DOINGS *of a* DEMOCRACY

By **HAROLD HELFER**

✓ F. M. Buczek, who lives in Barrington, New Hampshire, pays his phone bill in Dover, his electric bill in Plymouth, his taxes in Rochester and picks up his mail at Gonic.

✓ High finance: The State Highway Department of Connecticut sent a bill for 60 cents to the Town of Greenwich. It covered six trips at ten cents each made through the Merritt Parkway Toll Gate by Greenwich police cars and fire trucks responding to emergencies.

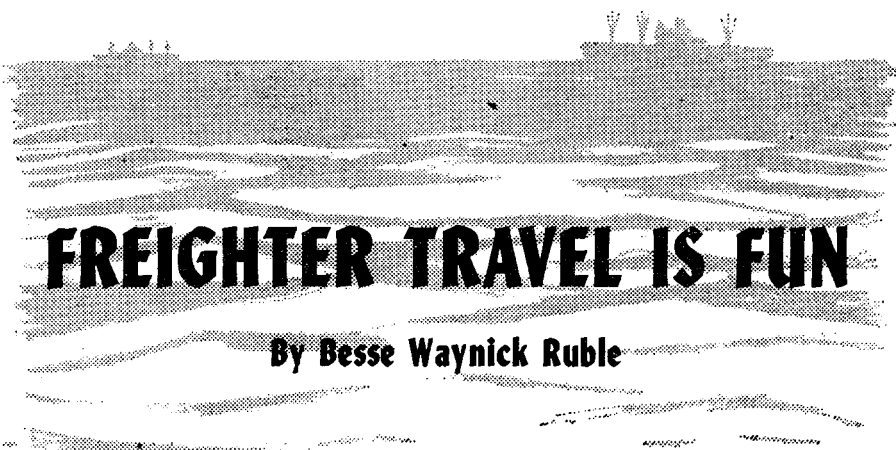
✓ Beaten for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in Oklahoma, William O. Coe announced he was supporting Republican Reuben Sparks. And Joe H. Barber, who ran second to Sparks in the GOP primary, said he was backing the Democratic candidate, Raymond Gary.

✓ A man held in the Baraboo, Wisconsin, jail on a murder charge wrote Town Clerk Carl Hirschinger: "It may be inconvenient for me to get to the polls to vote next Tuesday. I would like an absentee ballot."

✓ Police Officer Danny Honts was suspended from the Muscantine, Iowa, force on a charge that while on duty he "did lean over a restaurant counter and strike the buttocks of the waitress with a receipt book three times."

✓ In Washington, D. C., the United States of America filed suit against the United States of America. According to the complaint, the U. S. Government wants the court to set aside an order of one of its agencies, the Interstate Commerce Commission, which asserted that a group of railroads handling Army work at two Norfolk piers during the Korean War must not pay certain wharfage and handling charges.

✓ The City Council of Oklahoma City got ready to furnish a disaster warning system for civil defense when someone spoke up: "Where would the people go if they were warned?" Reminded thus that there were no air raid shelters, the city fathers shelved the project for further planning.



FREIGHTER TRAVEL IS FUN

By Besse Waynick Ruble

IF YOU FEEL the pull of the sea and “faraway places” but must budget both time and money, let me tell you about the vacation my husband and I took to the Hawaiian Islands.

We went by freighter—and we’re sold on the idea. In 21 days, we enjoyed a dozen days of restful ocean travel plus all the excitement of sightseeing, shopping and exploring the Islands. And at a fraction of the cost of a similar trip by luxury liner or plane.

Our ship was a 12,000-ton, 650-foot-long freighter of the Matson Line, whose cargo vessels sail with the regularity of a Manhattan ferry boat from San Francisco and Los Angeles to Honolulu in only a day longer than the liners. Arriving in Honolulu on Oahu we had two choices: disembarking for four or

five days and staying at our own expense in a plushy hotel or inexpensive motel on Waikiki Beach, while the ship delivered cargo to some of the other seven main islands; or, by paying a small additional amount, remaining aboard to see something of the other islands. We stayed aboard, but first, more about the trip over.

The Matson freighters carry 12 passengers in three-bed cabins with private showers. There are four of these — all outside rooms — located amidships where the motion is least felt.

Traveling on a big luxury liner is like living in a city without knowing your next-door neighbor. On a freighter there is a relaxed, informal atmosphere. You can leave your dinner gowns and jackets at home along with the grim newspaper head-

lines of global life. Casual day-time clothes, for both men and women — sweaters and skirts, slacks and even blue jeans — are the order of the day. For dinner, a print dress or fresh blouse.

THE CABIN steward met us at the top of the gangway and we followed him to our room.

“What an attractive room,” we chorused as we looked at the gleaming white walls. Dark blue drapes hung at the two portholes. An electric fan provided further ventilation. There was a radiator for chilly weather in the cabin and another in the adjoining shower room. The built-in couch along one wall and the upper and lower bunks across from it were covered with snow-white spreads. There were three separate clothes lockers; a mirrored dressing table with four shallow drawers for toilet articles; a thermos water jug hung on one wall; and above the couch was a wall bracket for our “Bon Voyage” bouquets. Two chairs completed the furnishings.

We had just finished our appraisal of the cabin when the luncheon bell sounded and we trooped down to the dining room. The captain and his staff of 8 or 9 officers sat at a long table. The 12 passengers occupied three small ones.

After the first few meals we knew we had a big complaint — *too much food!* In addition to three meals, there was a 10 o'clock coffee break,

another at 3 P.M., with oven-fresh cakes. And when we gathered after dinner in the combination dining room-lounge to talk, play cards or listen to the chief mate's radio or play records, an officer would plug in the percolator about 9 P.M., and the raid on the steward's pantry was on.

Your entertainment is not supervised as on luxury ships, but someone is always ready to shuffle off to shuffle board, play quoits or to take a brisk walk around the decks. It's fun. Or you laze in a deck chair with a book or magazine in your lap. Or perhaps you explore the ship from stem to stern with an officer who is off duty. Long lazy days slip happily away.

Don't forget a bathing suit or your sun-tan oil. Upon any sunny morning or afternoon, equipped with deck mats or blankets and bottles of oil, you'll find the lady passengers stretched out contentedly, or, maybe playing cards while Old Sol gets in his darkening process. The men in shorts sunned modestly up on the ship's bridge.

How much will it cost? The round trip is \$320 plus U. S. tax. The inter-island fares begin at about \$75 per person depending upon the number of ports of call. Our freighter had cargo for Hawaii and Kauai. A room on a luxury liner comparable as to location, et cetera, costs about \$700.

At the end of the trip you'll want to tip the boy who has kept your cabin so clean and the waiter who saw that your eggs were just so.

EARLY Sunday came our first glimpse of Diamond Head, the extinct volcano on the island of Oahu. Then the tall pink and cream colored hotels along the palm-lined Waikiki Beach. The first man up the gangplank was a Matson representative with an armful of fragrant *leis* which he draped around the shoulders of each passenger. All visitors to the Islands are welcomed with these Hawaiian garlands. Ours were made of white tube roses and pink Vanda orchids.

Honolulu is the starting place for all Hawaiian visits. And any time of the year is right. The ship will be your hotel while in port. Limousines for hire will be at the dock. There are buses that go everywhere. Also drive-yourself cars. And the steward will pack a tasty lunch for your all-day jaunts.

One of the pleasantest things about the Islands is that you can see so much in so short a time, and the Islanders themselves certainly give their visitors the "red carpet" treatment.

You'll have two or three days in Honolulu upon arriving and another one when your ship returns from her inter-island cruise. The 8-hour drive around Oahu in a comfortable limousine (\$8.50 each) takes you along sandy beaches and lava-rock coasts; past estates hedged with poinsettias and the crimson shrub so aptly named "beefsteak." Up high mountains, through tropical forests the limousine goes and then, with

no warning, you find yourself out on the Nuuanu *Pali* — that spectacular cliff which separates Honolulu from the windward side of the island.

You'll probably want to end the tour with dinner at the Fisherman's Wharf and sample *mahimahi*, the delicious native fish.

The city tour (\$5) covers museums, art galleries, the Punch Bowl Memorial Cemetery in the crater of an extinct volcano. Here Ernie Pyle rests among the men he wrote so lovingly about. Then through Pearl Harbor out onto the wide Nimitz Highway and on into the winding, twisting, narrow streets of old Honolulu to the newer, wider ones that lead to Waikiki.

There are fascinating restaurants and night clubs. But food is not cheap — most of it must come from the mainland. Tipping is about the same as at home. On the last half day left to us, with the home folks in mind, we headed for Fort and King Streets — the business center. Honolulu is a shoppers' paradise.

IT WAS 10:30 A.M. when we docked at Hilo, the second largest city in the territory. As usual, the limousines for hire were waiting. On the way to the volcanoes we were whisked along an avenue lined with huge spreading banyan trees, each with a plaque bearing the name of the celebrity who had planted it. Among them were R. L. Stevenson, Theodore Roosevelt, Amelia Earhart, Fannie Hurst, and many oth-

ers. Every garden and yard, big or small, is choked with orchids!

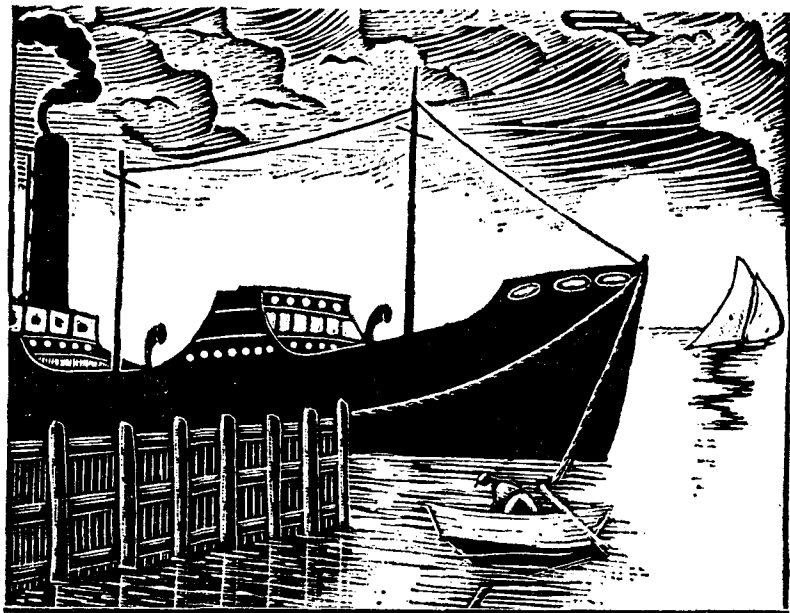
"Nobody runs *from* our volcanoes — they all run *to* them by boat or plane from all the islands," our guide said proudly as we drove over a fine hard road right to the rim of Kilauea, one of the two live volcanoes which erupt quite regularly. We saw sulphur cracks and giant crevices belching steam — holdovers from the 1950 eruption.

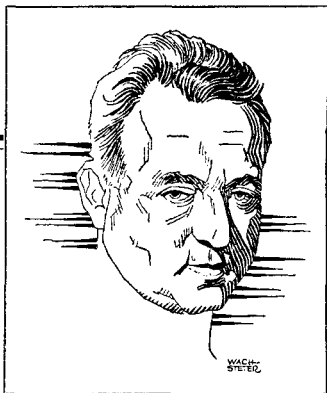
Sailing at night between the islands gives you a full day or more ashore while the ship unloads or takes on cargo. Kauai, the third island we visited, called the Paradise Island, is quieter than sophisticated Oahu. Its Waimea Canyon called

the "Grand Canyon of the Pacific"; the Spouting Horn, a blowhole on Koloa beach activated like a geyser by wind and tide; its rivers, double rainbows and turquoise seascapes you must see for yourself.

Then comes the last day when the ship returns to Honolulu on her way to the mainland. You feel sad at leaving places you have loved so much, but pleasure mingles with your sadness when you realize you have another six days of freighter life at sea among the genial officers who have made your trip so enjoyable.

You'll agree with Mark Twain, who summed up Hawaii as "The loveliest fleet of islands that lie at anchor in any ocean."





By
Eugene Lyons

MONOLOGUE

STRANGE VICTORY

Recently a New Dealish Yale professor, in assessing the record of the Truman Administration in foreign affairs, offered an inventory of its achievements. Near the top of the list, haloed in glory, was the Berlin airlift of 1948-49.

This assumption that the airlift was a heroic enterprise crowned by victory, something we can contemplate with great pride on the largely bleak landscape of the Cold War, has all but hardened into an immutable legend. Perhaps I am unreasonable about it, but somehow the memory of that piece of history makes me wince. And I suspect that it leaves many other Americans with a sourish taste on their mind's palate.

That it was a fine technical accomplishment is self-evident. U.S. airmen and their British colleagues acquitted themselves in spectacular style in delivering 2,343,000 tons of victuals and fuel to the beleaguered population in all weather and at all risks. But the claim that the undertaking was *politically* heroic — balm for our battered self-esteem — seems to me not only false but a species of self-deception.

Suppose a gang of hoodlums besieges a house they covet, with the announced intention of starving the inmates into surrendering the place to them. The friends of the endangered family are shocked and outraged. They have the physical strength to disperse the gang — but fail to muster the courage to do so.

Instead they work out an ingenious method of feeding the prisoners, at great expense and with great exertions, through the chimney. The family is thus kept alive until the hoodlums, in their own sweet time, tire of the game and lift the siege.

Surely it would take a lot of stretching of terms and conscience to describe the timid friends as "heroes" and their long tolerance of the crime as a "victory."

In truth, as I see it, the Berlin airlift was a monumental humiliation imposed upon the free world and America in particular by an arrogant enemy. We lacked the gumption to meet an outrage and merely acted to succor its victims. For 18 months we accepted an unjustified, illegal and inhumane blockade of a great city, spending hundreds of millions of dollars and a good many American lives in the process.

Meanwhile, our energies and limited air forces having been tied up and our attention having been diverted from what was taking place elsewhere, the Communists could push their fateful conquest of China with less risk of American obstruction. That, indeed, rather than the seizure of West Berlin, may have been the primary purpose of the hunger siege. Our failure to act with forthright boldness in Europe was soon to be paid for by blood-letting in Korea and Indo-China — and the end is not yet.

Let those who will call the airlift

a glorious victory. In the perspective of the years, I believe, its phony glamor will fade out. The stark and unappetizing reality — that the free world supinely suffered the blockade of Berlin until the Kremlin was good and ready to call it off — will remain. Then the event will be recognized for what it truly was: an example of a strange and sad loss of nerve in the face of a humiliating challenge.

OBIT IN BLOOD

The passing of Andrei Vishinsky will be mourned by few in America — and even fewer in Russia.

The most characteristic institution of the Soviet world has been the blood purge: the public "trial" in which already doomed men, spitted on klieg lights, proclaim their "guilt" and abase themselves before the all-powerful State. All the ugliness and cruelty of a dehumanized system of life seems focused in that symbolic rite of groveling as a prelude to death.

It is with this macabre ceremonial that Vishinsky was most intimately and inextricably connected. The outside world learned to think of him as a diplomat, the thunderer of the Cold War years, the spewer of lies and insults. But to the people of his unhappy country he will remain forever the instrument of the purge, the very personification of its utter brutality, cynicism and horror.

Personally, I became aware of Vishinsky only a few months after I

reached Moscow in 1928. At the notorious Shakhty demonstration trial that year, the first of the big purge shows of the Stalin era, he sat on a raised dais as the presiding "judge." Undeterred by his mock-judicial role, he seconded Prosecutor Krylenko in questioning the prisoners, expertly prodding the bewildered engineers to involve their colleagues in their own confessions.

The last of the purge trials I covered, five years later, was the famous Metro-Vickers case, in which a few Britons were in the dock along with a large group of Soviet citizens. The foreigners, everyone knew, were in no mortal danger, but most of the Russians were destined to die. This time Vishinsky was in the role that best suited his nature, that of prosecutor.

After more than 20 years, I can still see the snarling, pitiless Vishinsky on the rostrum in the Hall of Trade Unions, browbeating his helpless victims. Better than anyone else, he knew that most of the men whom he was baiting and tongue-lashing so furiously would be dead in a few days, finished off with a bullet in the nape of the neck in blood-slippery cellars of the Liubyanka. But the knowledge only whetted his zeal for inflicting pain and humiliation on the living corpses.

Before long, the blood purges of 1936-38 gave Vishinsky's genius for cruelty unlimited play. Where the victims in the earlier period were mere hundreds, now they were

counted by the thousands. Rarely in history had a chronic killer had such an opportunity. As Commissar of "Justice," Vishinsky was directly responsible for tortures, extorted confessions and summary executions on a wholesale scale. His minions herded men and women into foul prisons, systematically pounded the last vestiges of human dignity out of them, and turned the bleeding wreckage over for Vishinsky's meat-grinders.

IN RECENT YEARS, as I watched this man — grown older but no mellow — shouting into a microphone at U.N. meetings, I saw again the snarling hunter crowding his human prey before a Moscow audience. It seemed to me obscene that this monster was being accorded the honors of a diplomatic status in a place ostensibly dedicated to peace and human rights! That his blood-drenched paw was being politely shaken by the representatives of civilized nations! That he was being wine and dined by American "friends of the United Nations" and invited, only a few months before his belated death, to the birthday party of a former President's wife!

The gory stains left by Vishinsky are all over the U.N. Of all the faceless men whom the Kremlin sent abroad as its agents and spokesmen, Vishinsky was the most cynical, unmoral and inhuman. His ferocity had not even the excuse of a perverted idealism — he was not a con-

vinced Communist but one of those who clambered onto the Bolshevik wagon after the victory. In the annals of man's cruelty to man, he should rank even above Stalin. For he was the killer for killing's sake, the career murderer. It is a chilling commentary on our current world that he should have died a natural death while playing the statesman.

AN IMMODERATE VIEW

Casting around for a label to describe the contents of his political thinking and impulses, the President of the United States recently settled on "progressive moderation." Both are smugly pious words, universally over-used and at bottom meaningless. Who isn't a progressive and a moderate? The average American would rather be called a car thief than unprogressive, even if he doesn't quite know what the word means; and he would, of course, regard the imputation that he is not "moderate" as a deadly insult.

I leave the "progressive" part of the formula to others. In a time when so much that is reactionary, inhuman and morally putrescent is decked out in the fine feathers of progressivism, it is, in all conscience, too vulnerable to engage my forensic energies. I do want to address myself to "moderation" as used by self-righteous politicians.

I rise — because it's time that someone did — to protest that moderation is not always and everywhere good; that to be moderate in

all seasons and under all provocations is not necessarily proof of superior character and may even denote a sad lack of character. The beauties of moderation, I am convinced, have been vastly overrated. The stance has been given a connotation of wisdom and beatific virtue it does not always merit.

Jesus Christ was not acting moderately when He drove the money-changers out of the temple; nor have the founders of great faiths and defenders of noble causes through the ages been moderate. Had sweet moderation prevailed, we would have had no Magna Carta, no Declaration of Independence, no Emancipation Proclamation. Saints and martyrs, great lawgivers and pioneers of the human spirit have rarely been moderate in the pursuit of their particular truths.

Moderate conduct, it is true, may be an expression of wisdom under some conditions; but it is no less often the sign of intellectual lassitude and moral apathy. Should we take pride in remaining moderate in the face of evil and danger — the spread of a contagious disease, let us say, or the demoralization of our children, or the aggressions of a godless system of power?

The moderation of its day may seem, in retrospect, to have been short-sighted foolishness. What looked, for instance, like the blessed moderation of the civilized world with regard to Hitler — when he invaded the Ruhr, then Austria,

then Czechoslovakia — showed up soon enough as cowardly capitulations to be paid for with oceans of blood and mountains of corpses.

At the present juncture in mortal affairs, those who mouth the inanities of live-and-let-live coexistence may pass as moderates. Yet it may develop that their fears were immoderate, that their faith in Moscow's pretensions was immoderate, that their complacency in the face of Communist expansion was immoderate.

The Gospels give small comfort to those who, in the name of pietistic moderation, seek to come to terms with evil. "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot; I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." (*Revelation* 3:15, 16.)

GENIUS OF RUSSIA

The success of the novel by Igor Gouzenko, *The Fall of a Titan*, has been widely discussed in purely literary terms. Not enough attention has been directed to its human and political implications.

Nearly a decade ago, a 26-year-old code clerk in the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa was wrestling with his conscience. He had to choose between loyalty to hateful tyrants in the Kremlin and loyalty to mankind, including the people of his native land. The larger loyalty prevailed. Fully aware that he was staking his

own life and the lives of his wife and son, Igor Gouzenko fled the Embassy and ultimately helped expose a Canadian-American atomic spy apparatus.

The drama of that episode, now familiar history, was recalled last year under circumstances no less dramatic. It became known that the young fugitive, in his hiding place somewhere in Canada, had written a massive novel of life under the Soviets. And, amazingly, it turned out to be a great book, in the best tradition of panoramic Russian literature.

One reviewer wrote that *The Fall of a Titan* was "perhaps the greatest novel since Dostoevsky and Tolstoy." That was, in my opinion, a considerable exaggeration. But artistic comparisons aside, Gouzenko has in some measure done for the Russia of the Soviet period what Dostoevsky and Tolstoy did for Czarist Russia. He threw the spotlight of a pitiless realism upon men and women, the humble and the powerful, caught up in the Red nightmare.

The search for that intangible thing called "the truth about Soviet Russia" has produced a library-full of reports, studies, memoirs, travelogues, confessions. But Gouzenko, because his medium was art, came closer than any of them to making that truth tangible, intimate, convincing.

The novel was distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club and is still a best-seller. Tens of thousands of

people, many of them under the mesmeric spell of Soviet propaganda, will have read it before the book runs its course. They will have come as near to savoring the pathos and horror of Communism in practice as anyone can short of actually living it. In the long run therefore, Gouzenko's novel (and others he will no doubt produce) may prove a greater service to freedom than even his exposure of the spy ring.

BUT THIS is not the whole of the significance of the episode. It was, after all, only the accident that he was assigned to a post abroad which enabled the young man to use his talent as a writer without inhibitions. Had he remained inside his native prison-house, he would have had only the tragic choice faced by other potential Russian artists: to prostitute his talent in the service of his country's oppressors, or to choke it aborning and conceal the corpse.

How many Gouzenkos within the Soviet Union, unable to write from the heart but unwilling to write to order, have chosen to be silent? No one knows the answer. But that these stifled Gouzenkos exist is a certainty.

Russia gave the world a long array of great literary figures before the revolution, and many highly gifted writers even in the first decade after the revolution, before creative

freedom had been completely obliterated. Since then the country's literature has been blighted by dullness, sameness and mediocrity; turned into a desert where only the spiny cacti of propaganda can find nourishment. The achievement of the escaped code clerk, however, stands as proof that the genius of Russia is not dead — that in a milder political climate it will again flower and flourish magnificently.

Gouzenko was born into the barren Soviet world and nurtured upon its gritty official lies. His conscious mind, when he was assigned to Canada at the age of 23, was drugged by totalitarian indoctrination. Yet it is clear on every page of his novel that his deeper mind had remained alert, registering all the wretchedness around him, all the throttled angers and thwarted hopes. It had recorded with remarkable precision every nuance of the realities under the sloganized and policed surface of Soviet existence, so that it needed only the breath of freedom to thaw out his literary gift and liberate both his mind and heart.

Surely this speaks well for the Russian people. Gouzenko, we may be sure, is not an exception. For all its monopoly of force and suasion, the Kremlin has failed to conquer the Russian soul. The stream of the nation's greatness has been driven underground, but it has not dried up.



BY WILBUR CROSS

Charge Accounts —

UGH!

BEFORE getting married, the activities of my bachelor existence hinged on cash. Cash for meals, for rent, for snacks from the delicatessen, for laundry. And what was left over was spread around town in piecemeal orgies as the thickness of my wallet dictated. It hadn't even occurred to me that most places of business would extend credit — not to a guy who took a couple of weeks to answer letters, and probably wouldn't get around to paying bills for almost a month!

Now I know better. A clever manipulator can juggle bills back and forth, plug up the leaks with pure nerve, and in general stave off the bill collector for a good half year without ever ending up in the pokey or being clobbered in court.

That's the insidiousness of the whole charge account system. The stores lead you so gently into debt it seems almost like the sociable thing to do. They don't threaten to attach your automobile if two months go by without your flipping a penny

in their direction. Even by the end of the third month, the accounting department maintains a "come now . . ." attitude of self-restraint. "Haven't you forgotten something, you naughty boy?" infers the third notice for the green umbrella and matching galoshes that haven't even felt a drop of rain yet.

Another common remark, that seems like stretching the technique of the Hint, Polite & Tactful, is to ask if perhaps you have changed your address and aren't receiving mail. As a matter of fact, this seemed like a good solution to the whole problem until a better-informed friend explained that the tentacles of the credit version of the F.B.I. reached into all known haunts of man. And that it was all right for me to give up my important "credit rating" only if I wanted to take up housekeeping along the upper reaches of the Orinoco.

How did I slither into this bog of financial quicksand? Me, an upright citizen who didn't even borrow

nickles for the Coke machine without paying them back the next day? To be philosophic, I could go back to Socrates and blame it on falling prey to his system of inverted logic. To get right down to earth, though, I have a frantic suspicion I married into it. . . .

SOMETIMES I have lain awake nights picturing myself as a martyr to this unjust system, being hauled off by the local constabulary for failure to pay my debts, while a tearful and repentant wife looked on helplessly.

"Goodbye, honey," I would murmur bravely. "They probably won't put me in the workhouse for more than 90 days. Just think what they would have done if we had lived in the eighteenth century!" That was before I realized how carefully balanced the system was so the American male was kept always in a kind of limbo where he was never behind bars, yet never quite solvent either.

"Next month we don't charge anything. Not a thing!" I stated rashly one evening on finding my bureau top littered with printed matter of a dunning nature. "We pay in *cash*, the way I used to do when I was guarding my single status, or we don't buy. We've just got to get this budget back on an even keel."

"That's a commendable idea," agreed my wife sweetly, "even if we have to exist on dried beans and macaroni and buy cheap shirts at sales. You allot me whatever you

think is an operating minimum and I'll stick within it completely."

I tied the noose tightly around my own neck. Cash, money, coin, dollars and cents—they were all mere terms now, as far from reality as the Buddha's tears.

Women have an elaborate system for maintaining husbands in a state of perennial confusion. This revolves around an underhanded device known as the "turn in" or "return." This below-the-belt procedure works thusly: As you may recall, most bills are arranged in columns. The left-hand one—which first greets your bloodshot eye—is headed "Charges," and lists some totals too incredible to take without a shot of morphine. This represents the original charge, plus the amounts unpaid for several months back. The next column is usually headed "Credits," and refers to a couple of infinitesimal payments you made with your own blood. But the third column! That's the one that has us males licked. It is headed by the innocent-looking term "Returns." The figures listed are usually substantial and pare down the original charge to about half of what it looked like the first time it shattered your glass eye. So, no matter how high the final balance is, you breathe a rattling sigh that it isn't what you originally thought.

Other devious forms of trickery play hand-in-glove with the game of trying to see which stores can drive the largest number of hus-

bands into bankruptcy in the shortest period of time. After long consultation with close friends and acquaintances at bars, I have completed a research project to catalogue some of the most elusive of these methods of deception. Herewith a few samples:

AUSPICIOUS MOMENT, use of the: Wife presents or mentions bill when husband has just purchased something useless like a new pipe, pulled a social boo-boo, or returned sloppily from an office party.

OWING ANOTHER PARTY: "By the way, we owe Jane Q. for the sequinned fly swatter she bought me. I really didn't want it, but we were right there at Buymore's and Jane has a charge account there, and thought the colors went so well with my dress . . ."

TIMING THE DATE OF PURCHASE: Wife buys items at time when she knows store's paper work has been completed for the month and the purchase won't appear in black and white for thirty days. Gives hubby time to get accustomed to articles and feel they are part of household before he gets socked for them.

RESPONSIBILITY, clever shifting of: Manipulator waits until husband comfortably seated before telecast of football game then says, "Dear, I need a new (\$\$\$\$\$\$). Would you drive in town with me to Cheapo's and ride around the block while I dash in to their sale? Or should I wait until next week and charge the (\$\$\$\$\$\$) at Upper Brakett's? (Your

name) gobbles this bait like a hungry catfish, because it's fourth down and goal to go.

COMPARISON: Female purposely alternates buying sprees at different stores so high bill follows a low one and vice versa. "I know this bill at Pikpokett's is high, but just look — last month I only spent \$6.00 there." And conversely, "See how much I'm saving, dear. Last month you complained about the bill at Ruth Less, Inc., and see how low I kept that account this month."

REFORM MOVEMENT: Wife cuts onion to stimulate tears for her act which begins with, "Now, honey, I really didn't know I was spending so much. Next month . . ."

I REPRESS a shudder every time I thumb through the daily paper and see headlines like: "Air Lines to Inaugurate New Fly-Now-Pay-Later Plan" or "Hotel Credit Cards Enable Tourists to Travel in July, Pay in November." I thought we had carried things too far when we began servicing the car on credit. Now I can see us ending up in Karachi or Karoo with a fountain pen replacing the wallet and an invisible, but relentless, meter ticking away in my brain and an inner voice repeating, "This is costing you 86¢ a minute, but you don't have to pay until l-a-t-e-r." And when that fountain pen carries us as far as the headwaters of the Amazon I'm going to toss it in the river and stay there for keeps.

Why Not Delinquents Anonymous?



BY RUTH LATIMER

HEADLINES reveal today's tragic destruction of tomorrow's citizens. Society must rescue these young people now from the perils described in these headlines.

From a staggering total of youthful lives wasted, one young man emerges to tell us how his own life was salvaged. At the age of 17, John was a chronic alcoholic and a delinquent discouraging to professional workers with youth. He seemed destined for the drastic — and by no means 100 per cent successful — therapy of a correctional institution. Then he joined Alcoholics Anonymous.

Within a short time he was telling his friends, "I'm through with the habit and everything that goes with it."

John is only one of more than 100,000 to whom Alcoholics Anonymous has given a wholesome new outlook on life. Many more thousands have found freedom from other problems through such groups as Addicts Anonymous.

Could a Delinquents Anonymous group do for juvenile delinquency what these groups have done for other social problems?

Alcoholics Anonymous proposes fellowship, faith and action. It seems, then, that this basic program for self-help is ideally suited for a new group, Delinquents Anonymous.

Most programs to combat juvenile delinquency have focused on doing something for the delinquent, ignoring youth's eagerness for independence from adult interference. A Delinquents Anonymous program would encourage the young person's self-reliance and capacity for self-help. It would provide incentive to reform, rather than coercion. It would, nevertheless, benefit from the sponsorship of adult "honorary members," experienced in youth's problems.

Alcoholics Anonymous was founded by two men getting together. Who will be the first successful ex-delinquents to found Delinquents Anonymous?



Paper Is Not Money

BY PHILIP M. McKENNA

WHAT is money? "Congress shall have the power — to coin money and regulate the value thereof—" says the Constitution. By *regulate* was meant to establish the weight of the coin and the grains of precious metal in it.

The framers of the Constitution did not have any idea that they should presume to say how many bushels of potatoes, or bales of cotton, or pounds of iron, or yards of cloth should be exchanged for a dollar. Nor were they pursuing that will-o'-the-wisp of some of our modern economists who propose that the standard of value of our dollar be a list of commodities that would have the same value indefinitely.

They were to provide the people with coins in dollar denominations, of monetary metal. Nor did they intend, by coining money, to mean printing paper. They were providing a convenient unit of value by which

free men might exchange goods and use money as a store of value.

In fact, they were so opposed to paper money experiments that the Constitution further forbids any state of the union to make anything other than gold or silver a legal tender for payment of debt. That's the law today. Only a devious course of legalistic rationalization has permitted denial of that plain intent.

What's wrong with paper currency and checkbooks? They are fine and dandy when we have an ultimate standard into which paper currency and checkbook dollars can be converted on demand.

But, wittingly or unwittingly, in 1933, the people were taken down the Communistic path, Lenin having been reported as saying that the best way to take over a country for Communism was first to debauch the currency. We proceeded to lay the groundwork for debauching the

currency of the American people just after we had elected Franklin D. Roosevelt on his campaign statement that "a sound currency is to be maintained at all hazards."

Roosevelt, in his campaign speeches in 1932, had given no inkling of his later course. In fact, he had referred to the magnificent speech of Carter Glass at that time, who had denounced the immorality of any government which would break its covenant with the people by issuing promises, in the sale of bonds which they did not intend to pay back in the same standard of value in which the borrowing was made. Foreign economists advocated the abandonment of specie payments to American citizens to further the interests of their own countries.

THERE WAS no valid reason for the action on March 6, 1933, taking us off the gold standard. There was more gold in the U.S. Treasury January 1, 1933, than there had been in September, 1929, when a very great amount of credit existed, in fact too much. It was described by the then Secretary of the Treasury Woodin as "a suspension of specie payments, for the time being, to meet an emergency." Since then, apparently we've had nothing but emergencies.

We continue, under the laws hastily enacted by a rubber-stamp Congress April 6, 1933, to deny to the American citizen the right to redeem currency in our standard of value, gold at \$35 per ounce, while

making good, any business day in the week, to foreign central banks, shipping gold from our Treasury at \$35 per ounce in exchange for dollar credits they may present for redemption. During the week of November 15, 1954, foreign interests drew out \$50 million in gold. During 1953, and down to June, 1954, \$1,247,000,000 of gold was transferred to foreign interests from our Treasury. Foreigners own it now. That amount is about 5 per cent of our total stock of gold.

To remedy that discrimination against the U.S. citizen by his own Treasury in favor of foreign central bankers, the Senate this spring in its Committee on Banking and Currency heard the witnesses who testified regarding the Gold Redemption Act of 1954 and other bills which would take off the deadly hand of government from the people's money by requiring that currency be redeemed in gold coin on demand when wanted by any holder of it.

Testimony showed that there is in the U.S. Treasury sufficient coverage to meet any expected demand from U.S. citizens, provided the government's actions meet with general approval as to their fiscal soundness. Foreign interests can take out gold now, so that the Treasury would be exposed to no more hazard from them than it is today. Students of the facts about redemptions know that gold tends to flow to countries where there is no doubt about the currency being redeemable.

When already swimming, the danger of a shower making you wet is not worth considering. We now have in our Treasury about 10 per cent of gold reserves to all currency outstanding, plus all demand bank deposits (your checking accounts and everybody else's) in the U.S.A. That's more than was found necessary in 1926, for example, when it was 8.4 per cent and nobody thought it dangerous. It averaged 8.6 per cent from 1915 to 1932.

WHY, THEN, all this fuss about a redeemable currency? Because of the threat that an irredeemable currency implies to every holder of life insurance, savings accounts, bonds and pensions payable in dollars, and because government has the power to deteriorate still further the value of the dollar by issuance of bonds and notes which it doesn't promise to pay back in anything better than irredeemable currency.

Such mere threats cause people to do queer things, wasteful to the country as a whole. Testimony showed that since 1940 the dollar has lost on the average 5 per cent of its remaining value every year. As people become aware of that fact, they seek what they call hedges against inflation. Lacking a sound currency, people resort to barter instead of money. That is the beginning of the road which, once taken, leads to financial disorder by rapid deterioration of the dollar.

The burden falls on the trustful

holder of dollar obligations; the thrifty citizen; the endowment fund of the college; the trust fund of the widow and the children; the savings of the rank and file citizens whether in bonds, savings account or pension fund. Slowly and unobtrusively the value of his savings is taken away by the sly process of monetary inflation.

He thus becomes an easy prey to the claims of any leader who says that he will correct all by rent fixing, by controls, and by a managed economy in which the government will take over his affairs. That's the essence of Communism.

One government official said that now is not the time for resumption of specie payments — the dollar would not stand the test. Another testified that, in his opinion, the dollar was very strong, that not until confidence in the dollar got a great deal worse would it be necessary to restore faith in it by making it redeemable to the U.S. citizen. Like the Arkansas settler who couldn't fix the leak in the roof now because it was raining, and when it wasn't raining the roof didn't need fixing, there is a tendency to procrastinate on the matter of the immediate restoration of the gold standard for the U.S. citizen. It can and should be done — without devaluation, and without delay.

Remember that Lenin, founder of Communism, told J. M. Keynes that the best way to soften a country for Communism was first to debauch the currency.

C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON





In the **MERCURY'S** *Opinion*

By Russell Maguire

NEVER in the history of organized society has a nation, however powerful, staggered under the debt this nation faces. The amount is so vast we cannot understand it. Every living person in our country owes \$5,000 to the unbelievable waste of the men they elected to serve them and preserve their freedom and institutions.

Is this gargantuan throwing about of the assets of our people based on the philosophy that the spenders may buy anything they wish merely by the passing of money?

Is it based on the theory that with money we can buy friendships? Buy honesty? Buy right?

Or does it not have as its basis the pump-priming efforts of the New Deal on an international basis?

We are now being told of a new scheme called the Marshall Plan for Asia.

Is it possible that we are now trying to purchase the friendship of our friends in Asia?

Has not the expenditure of fifty billions of dollars since the second World War convinced our leaders that this policy has failed?

We can *not* buy friendships.

We can *not* buy loyalty.

We can *not* buy for another a life he refuses.

In too many cases, their world is not a part of our world and their land is not a continuation of our land.

They do not wish to work and live as we work and live.

In a word, they wish to live their own lives.

As the new Congress goes about its work in Washington, it might well take a prolonged and sober look at our spending, its effect and where it is leading us.

Certainly it is not making for a stronger America and any school-boy knows that to live and win life's battle, one must have, above all, strength.

So it is with a nation. And so it should be with ours.

A Christian **AMERICA**

by the
Reverend Billy Graham

DURING my recent trips abroad, I have become extremely conscious of America's place of responsibility and leadership in the world in which we live. Our place of leadership in the world is far higher than the average American can possibly comprehend. We are living in a world which has thrust upon our shoulders responsibilities unparalleled and unprecedented in the history of the entire world. And at this moment we are in danger of fumbling the ball.

Our country was founded upon a supernaturalistic concept — a belief in God and a belief in the book we call the Bible. Our early settlers came to this country, landed on our shores, with a Bible in their hands and they worshipped God and made

the belief in God the heart and the basis upon which government was to be built. The *Mayflower* landed in Plymouth in 1620 and the Mayflower Pact acknowledged God — but more than God — Christ as Master.

Nearly every state constitution of the 13 original colonies recognized God as supreme majesty. On September 11, 1777, the Continental Congress voted an expenditure of \$300,000 to buy copies of the Bible to be distributed. Yet the Supreme Court of this country in 1952 has said that this Bible cannot be taught in our public schools . . .

The ethical and moral concepts of Christianity are found completely through the Declaration of Independence. Our government officials in the early days when the Consti-

tutional Congress met in Philadelphia were at loggerheads and were about to break up and form 13 separate nations when Benjamin Franklin stood up and said: "Gentlemen, let us pray. Perhaps in the midst of our prayers, God will speak to us." And out of that prayer meeting came the immortal document, the Constitution of the United States.

IT WAS God from the beginning. Take our educational institutions, Harvard for example. In the bequest of Mr. Harvard, he gave several rules and precepts that were to be observed by Harvard College, and the second rule reads as follows:

"Let every student be plainly instructed and earnestly pressed to consider well the main ends of his life and studies; to know God and Jesus Christ which is eternal life and therefore to lay Christ in the bottom as the only foundation of all knowledge and learning and see the Lord only giveth wisdom. Let everyone seriously set himself by prayer in secret to seek Christ as Lord and Master."

Yale College was founded by Christian ministers in the interest of religious education. Columbia University, in an advertisement dated July 3, 1752, in the *New York Gazette*, stated: "The chief things that are aimed at in this college are to teach and engage the children to know God and Jesus Christ and to love and to serve Him in all sobriety,

Godliness, righteousness, in life with a perfect heart and a willing mind." The present President of Dartmouth has said: "Dartmouth College was conceived in the fervor of a religious revival and born in the throes of a great missionary zeal dedicated to Christ, our Redeemer."

The warp and woof of our government is faith in God. On our coins, "In God We Trust," and a Bible in every courtroom in America. Our forefathers meant that this country was to be established as a Christian nation, but we've departed from that concept. We decided a few years ago that we no longer needed God. We decided a few years ago that we no longer needed the Christianity that had made us great and had given us our sense of fair play and our sense of justice; had given us our discipline; and had given us our generosity, our hospitality.

I have traveled in parts of the world where Christianity has never been. There are no hospitals. Their religions have built no orphanages. Their religions have no feeling for the common man and for the common man who is down and out — or the man who has nothing. It was Christianity that gave us our social benefits, but we decided that we no longer needed that Christianity; that we had discovered that we had something new and better, and so we substituted something else instead of God. We substituted reason, rationalism, mind culture, science worship, the working power of

government, Freudianism, naturalism, humanism, behaviorism, positivism, materialism and idealism. We decided that we were going to develop the minds of men and forget that they were souls.

HOWEVER we are more than a body. The Bible tells us that we are everlasting, eternal souls, and our souls have consciences — our souls have intelligence — our souls have memories. The soul is that part of us that lives on and on and on — that part of us that is the real us.

We have fed the body, we have dressed the body, we have *painted* the body — spent much time feeding the lusts and passions of the body — eating and drinking and pleasing the body, but we have spent very little time on the development of our soul until we have become a nation of full heads, but empty souls — shrivelled and dried up souls. It would not be so bad if we had not developed a Frankenstein monster called the hydrogen bomb that could destroy much of mankind. Here we find ourselves with bombs, and we do not have the moral strength or the moral intelligence or the moral courage to control the energy we have found.

So the Word of God says: "They have rejected the word of the

Lord and, lo, what wisdom is in them?" The result of this departure from this supernaturalistic concept and this departure from God has been that we are in an age of frustration — an age of nervous tension.

I think that when the history books are written — if there are any written of this present generation — we will be called the Vitamin Capsule Age. For we take vitamin pills, square pills, black pills, yellow pills, and red pills. We take dextrodine to wake us up in the morning and sleeping pills to put us to sleep — with a lot of aspirin thrown in between.



An age of tension — nervous tension — selfishness and fear. The titles of new books, what are they? *The Decline of the West*, *The Decay and Restoration of Civilization*, *Civilization on Trial*, *The End of Our Time*, *The Crisis of Our Age*, *The Crisis of Civilization*, *The Annihilation of Man*, *The Abolition of Man*, and Professor Albert Webber says, "We are now at the end of history as we know it."

An age of fear —

I sat in the House of Commons the day that they had the debate on the hydrogen bomb and I heard Mr. Clement Attlee stand up and give one of the most challenging talks I have ever heard. Mr. Attlee said, "In

the last 3,000 years we have only had 277 years of peace . . . if we look at history it offers no comfort . . . the problem of the world is not with the bomb — the problem of the world is with man. . . . We have got to do something about man!"

Then Sir Winston Churchill stood up — and looked over the House of Commons and said in his own way, "I have a hope! — a hope! — to offer to this House of Commons today. . . . Our bombs have become so big that they in themselves have become a deterrent to war."

We have another hope! That hope is to get back to God and to the Bible and spiritual revival and to return to the God of our fathers.

It has been my privilege during recent days to talk to leaders of State. I was ushered into No. 10 Downing Street, and there "Mr. History" himself sat in a room, humped over, all alone, and after we had exchanged a pleasantry and we had talked a bit, he said, "The storm clouds are beginning to gather and they may break upon the world in all their maddening fury." Then he said, "Young man, what we must have is a return to God."

Five days before he was inaugurated President of the United States, it was my privilege to go into Eisenhower's office at the Commodore Hotel in New York — and this great man who had been a General in our Army and now in five days

was to become President of the United States, looked out the window for a few full minutes, turned around and said, "America has to have a religious revival if we are to be saved."

THIS HAS been an age of fear, and men's hearts are failing them, and no man has the answer. This has also been an age of lawlessness, an age of immorality, an age of insecurity, an age of chaotic international relationships in which we find ourselves engaged, within ten years after the last war, in a Cold War that threatens to become one of the hottest wars of all time, and our leaders today are calling upon us to return to God.

When are we going to start?

Someone said to Abraham Lincoln during the Civil War, "Don't you think God is on our side?" He replied, "I'm not concerned whether God is on our side or not, but I am concerned whether we are on God's side."

I want to tell you this. You can put a prayer chapel in the Congress and thank God for it. You can keep on our coins, "In God We Trust" and thank God for it, and you can keep Bibles in our courtrooms and thank God for it. We can have religious utterances by our leaders and thank God for it, but God will honor only one thing — sincere contrition of heart in repentance of our sins and a turning to His Son, Christ Jesus, as Lord, Saviour and Master.

Society cannot repent corporately. It must be done by individuals as individuals. Today you must turn from your sins and dedicate your lives to the Lord Jesus Christ. That is what salvation is going to take.

I love our flag. I would die for it. I believe in it, but the only way that that flag is going to wave above the homes of our children in the next generation is if you and I pay the price of personal repentance and dedicate life and purpose to Christ in this generation.

What kind of world will America live in in the future? I think to myself, unless God Almighty intervenes, my little boy may never see college age! That is how desperate the condition of the world is. That is how rapidly moving we are today, and the only answer is a spiritual awakening and a return to God, in which God will intervene and save us.

I CALL upon you today to repent. Dedicate your lives to Christ. There are evidences today that we are having the greatest religious resurgence in American history. The sale of religious books last year was three times over all other books put

together. Newspapers and magazines are beginning to realize that religion is hot copy. All over the United States and Europe great crowds are gathering to hear the Gospel. Radio and television are filled with religion. Secular organizations such as the American Legion and the Restaurant Association are promoting religion. There is a move on to put Christ back into Christmas. Our Christian seminaries and Christian schools are overflowing. Our American church membership now stands at 60 to 80 per cent of all eligible adults.

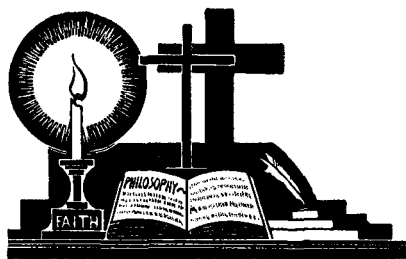
During the Civil War, only 15 per cent were members and during the Revolutionary War only 12 per cent were members, but today 80 per cent of our adults are members of a church. Also, the religious films that are being produced in Hollywood today are box office attractions; religious songs are being popularized; there's the prayer breakfast in Washington, the prayer meetings in Hollywood.

All of these are indications of a religious resurgence that brings hope to our hearts. We may have a spiritual revival soon enough to save us. I pray to God we may.



PROFILE OF A FAMILY CRUSADER

FATHER PATRICK PEYTON



ALL LAST spring and summer there were huge hostings of the clans of Ireland wherever Patrick Peyton, C.S.C., conducted his Family Rosary Crusade. The worst Irish weather on record did not dampen the ardor of hundreds of thousands.

In historic Downpatrick, a great multitude gathered within view of Saul, where St. Patrick said his first Mass on Irish soil, near where he now lies buried. The Patron of Ireland must have looked down with special blessing on his follower and namesake whose mission encircles the globe. Already Patrick Peyton has preached all over Canada, Alaska, Australia and New Zealand, over vast stretches of the United States, England, Spain and India.

Patrick Peyton was born forty-five years ago at Carracastle in the Parish of Attymas in North Mayo. An ordinary map of Ireland only shows the nearest market town, Ballina; Carracastle itself is only a hamlet, a handful of houses and cottages strung together by a bumpy

by Kees van Hoek

boreen, winding its way through a pretty, hilly countryside over which the Ox Mountains stand lonely sentinel.

The little house where he was born — since torn down — exists still in the fond recollection of nine children who were reared under its protecting thatch. Father Peyton recalls vividly the flagstones in front of the open turf fire, the bench and table near the wall from where a tiny square window looked out onto the mountains a few miles away.

Their father farmed, and out of season made some much needed extra money as a bricklayer. A man of the barest schooling, he had an above average intellect and an innate interest in everything. His tall, beautiful wife had to work too hard from early childhood ever to have learned to read or write. They are both long dead but when their now famous son

comes home to Ireland, he never fails to visit their graves at Killeen cemetery, a quarter mile from the old homestead.

Little could these simple people have dreamt that the example of their life would prove to be the powerhouse of a world movement.

THEIR faith has been etched so deeply in the soul of their son that he still feels it with every fibre of his being; their spirituality which was no mere piety but a harmony with God which made them live in affection and sacrifice for each other.

Every evening — the last act of the day, whatever the mood they were in, tired or weary, fearful or discouraged — they knelt down together and said the Rosary, and their children joined once they had reached the age of reason.

I had asked Father Peyton when he first felt his vocation for the priesthood. "Early, when I was about twelve and served as an altar boy to our parish priest, Father Roger O'Donnell, whom I loved. He suggested that I try the African Missions, but I was turned down for lack of sufficient schooling. This discouraged me so much that I wanted to ban the idea from my heart, to convince myself that I really had no vocation. I tried to get away from my conscience which was telling me that I was simply shirking the problem. I pleaded with God, as I worked in the fields, to give me ease. In my naïveté I

promised Him that if He would let me marry, I would see to it that all my children would become priests and nuns and that thus He would be much better off, in the long run, to let me free. Finally I managed to quench it, and it bothered me no more."

In many poor, but child-rich Irish peasant families, as the children grow up, they go to the States to help their parents provide with their earnings for the newcomer. In the Peyton family, five out of nine left for America.

So it was that their eldest sister sent the fare which brought the brothers Tom and Pat, inseparable companions, to Scranton, Pennsylvania, in 1928.

Patrick's first job was selling flags for Independence Day; later he worked a steam shovel; and when he was laid off during the Depression, the pastor of Scranton Cathedral, Monsignor Kelly, gave him a job sweeping the Church. "There, alone, early every morning with the Blessed Sacrament, I felt that buried vocation surge back in me. Finally I spoke to Msg. Kelly. All he did was to fire a string of entirely unexpected questions at me: 'What is a noun? What is a verb?' and the like of that. Then he told me to enroll in the first grade of high school, and my brother Tom left the coal mine and got my Cathedral job."

Later, both joined the Congregation of Holy Cross at Notre Dame, Indiana. In 1939, halfway through

their last four years of theology in Washington, D. C., Patrick Peyton got a serious hemorrhage. Sent back by the doctors, who had tried to collapse one lung unsuccessfully, to a sanatorium in Indiana, they suggested a severe operation. There was only one alternative to that prospect — frightening for a young student anxious for his ordination — and that was prayer. It has to be told in Father Peyton's own words:

"One evening Father Hagarty came to sit with me at my bedside. He said such blessed things about Our Lady — that She is a woman, how She likes to be talked to and that if She will go to Her Son, She is omnipotent. His words staggered me: Our Lady can do anything God can do, because God will do it for Her if She asks . . ." As he recounted it, he fell into a silence. He sat for a moment motionless, bent forward in his chair; then he continued softly: "Peace came to me there and then. I have lived a happy life ever since."

He prayed. He held novenas. The last of them ended on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and as he went to Mass again that morning for the first time since his illness, the end of the Epistle stirred him with a jubilant promise, "He who finds Me, finds life." That day his three doctors — two Protestants and one Jew — examined him again: the fluid and the adhesions had gone; he was allowed to return to his studies.

As he went back to the sick ward

for the last time to collect his belongings, he looked at the picture of the Virgin above his bed and vowed in thanksgiving: "Dear Mary, I shall never be a disgrace to your intercession." (This is how he calls it, the use of the word *miracle* upsets him.)

TWO YEARS later the two brothers, Tom and Patrick, who had come to America together, were ordained priests together; Patrick, who had lost a year over his illness, by special permission granted from Rome.

His superiors sent the newly ordained priest to Albany, New York, as chaplain to a Holy Cross school run by their Brothers. The great mission of his life began, so to say, in his spare time. "I wanted to thank Our Lady well," and now as he looked round a world of disrupted or dying homes, of unwanted or unloved children, of estranged or betrayed parents, his thoughts travelled back to the little town in Ireland, the only one he had every known himself. "To my ear came the sound of our voices, in praise, thanksgiving and petition to God, that blessed action of the Rosary said together every day which enabled eleven people to live in harmony and love." With the simple faith which moves mountains, he resolved to get ten million such families for Our Lady.

Soon minor miracles began to happen. "God gave me the idea and the means fell out of heaven," is his

unconventional explanation of such an incredible chance as an hour's free time on the Mutual Network from a nation-wide hookup on Mothers' Day, 1945. From this unheard-of beginning grew the now regular Wednesday evening half-hour of "Family Theatre."

"Family Theatre" — a "commercial" of which the half-minute "plug" is for a better and happier family life through the practice of daily prayer with the slogan, "The Family That Prays Together Stays Together" — has grown, since 1947, from 40 to 800 broadcasting stations, has an estimated weekly audience of 25 million listeners and has won a page full of professional awards.

His radio message spread to Canada, the Philippines and Australia, was taken up by the U. S. Army Network and the Voice of America, and gets five minutes every morning on "Radio Free Europe" beamed from Munich to behind the Iron Curtain. With TV, Father Peyton turned to pictures, ten so far, and he has fifteen more scheduled.

He also conducts four annual one-hour-long Rosary Dramatizations. Another highly effective idea is "Inspiration Please," the one-minute "spots" used for signing on or off and for station "breaks." Each "spot" features a great figure in history relating an authenticated quotation to the value and meaning of prayer in his or her life, from Francis of Assisi to Marconi, from Abraham Lincoln to Queen Victoria.

Outside the U.S.A. the world fame of Father Peyton's name rests solidly on his Rosary Crusades. They started in 1948 at the initiative of the Bishop of London, Ontario, and swept from there over almost all the other dioceses of Canada.

A TYPICAL Rally begins with a Hymn to Our Lady. Then follows the letter which Pope Pius XII originally sent for the great Rally in Wembley, London, two years ago. In it the Pontiff makes three points, each the opening line of an explanatory paragraph: (1) Never before has the world been so direly in need of prayer as at the present time; (2) The most powerful antidote against the evils that threaten human society is prayer, especially collective prayer; (3) What form of collective prayer would be more simple and yet more efficacious than the Family Rosary?

That papal admonition having been read, the Rally crowd recites the Rosary. Then the Bishop of the Diocese introduces Father Peyton. Father Peyton speaks for half an hour to 45 minutes before Final Benediction. Literally millions and millions of people in scores of countries over all the five continents have travelled long distances and borne considerable discomfort to see and hear him.

There is something sublimely romantic about this Crusade in Mary's name of a man whose nearest equivalent to a home is now the airplane —

who has no doubt in his heart that his is not just a "great little devotion" but a fundamental action, a daily, collectively expressed belief in God. I had asked a great Prince of the Church, who had urged me to meet Father Peyton, what he was like. "A simple man with his beads in his hand and the love of Our Lady in his face," he answered.

WHEN at long last my own path crossed the peregrinations of Father Peyton, I met a man of a little over 200 pounds, proportionately spread over a big-boned frame, slightly stooped under the nearly 6 feet 4 of his height, which makes him plod with heavy step rather than walk. His once fair hair has turned, at 45, to pepper and salt; the eyebrows are light straw thatches over his blue eyes. His face is handsome in a manly way, with a wide serene brow, full but by no means fat cheeks, with only the kindly fold of a smile in the open-air-healthy skin. He has the Irishman's characteristic broad upper lip.

His soft yet clear Irish voice has only the slightest dent of American accent. He talks unhurriedly, yet not slow, and with a most distinct enunciation. His strong, slightly freckled hands are proportionate to

the bigness of his frame, their restrained gesticulation unobtrusively persuasive. Sitting on an upright chair, slightly bent over, he talks with quiet intensity as if you are the only person that matters.

It is somewhat difficult to get this earnest, attentive man to talk of himself. There is a good deal of shyness in him, accentuated by the deep realization that his role is not that of himself, but that he has only been chosen by higher powers to carry it out.

Returning from one of those great Rallies, driving along roads thronged with a vast concourse of people, I asked him what he considers to have been the first spark of his now world-wide movement. And he told me: "One day, I was a boy of 14 then, a friend of my father's called and asked me to help him with the harvest. In his home where everyone went to bed at evening without saying the Rosary, I missed our family habit. Only when, the work done, I left, did I screw up enough courage to tackle him about it, and there in the darkness of a Mayo road I pleaded with the big man."

From that *boreen* in the hills of Mayo, his voice, still as shyly intense, has since reached the whole world.





JEWS, ARABS *and* ZIONISM

THE MANNER in which the United States is involved in the problems of the Middle East was strikingly illustrated, during the weeks immediately preceding the 1954 Congressional elections, by the fact that many candidates for American political office found it necessary to take a stand on the question of arms shipments to the Arab states.

In the midst of this situation were the Zionists, partisans for Israel, arguing against plans to ship arms to specified Arab states before those states concluded a final peace settlement with Israel. Opposing them were those who support the present policies by which the Administration believes that it may rebuild

BY LESSING J. ROSENWALD

*President of the
American Council for Judaism*

badly damaged American prestige and Western defenses in the strategically vital Middle East through a policy of impartiality toward all the states of that area.

This latest manifestation of American involvement in the Middle East requires some clear definitions of the terms usually employed to discuss it. A *Jew*, for example, may be a member of almost any race and Jews are nationals of most of the civilized states of the world. *Arabs* are Muslims, Christians, non-believ-

ers or even — if you consider many North Africans — Jews. The Arabs, too, are citizens of many nations. *Zionists* may be Jews, Christians, non-believers or, conceivably but not probably, Muslims.

If these descriptions evoke surprise, it is because it is not generally recognized that these terms are all in different categories. *Judaism*, for example, is a religion. *Zionism* is a political-national movement supported by some Jews and some who are not Jews in many countries of the world. *Arab* — the most difficult to define — is generally accepted to mean an ethnic group, determined largely on the basis of language. In the general debate about that part of the Middle East problem related directly to Israel and the Arab states, these several classifications have been all too commonly ignored. The resultant confusion has contributed generously to the tension.

One of the first steps Americans might take toward a better understanding of the Middle East and therefore toward eventual peace in the area, would be to understand the distinctions between Zionists, Jews and Israelis.

SINCE Judaism, like Christianity or Islam, is a universal religion, Jews are people who profess Judaism, regardless of their race or nationality. Although “Israel” historically has been a *theological* term to describe the religious fellowship of

Judaism, the existence of a sovereign nation of that name suggests that, in the interests of accuracy and precision, the term be used now to refer exclusively to the Middle Eastern state established in 1948.

An Israeli is a citizen of the State of Israel. An Israeli may be a Jew, a Christian, a Muslim, or a non-believer.

Zionism is a worldwide political movement. Not all Jews are Zionists nor are all Zionists Jews. American Jews are individual Americans and part of the American community. Their only homeland is the United States of America. Such terms as “the Jewish homeland” (meaning the State of Israel), etc. are misnomers.

About 12 years ago, a group of Jews who opposed the identification of Zionism (a politico-national movement) with Judaism (a religion), believing that it would be injurious to the character of their Judaism, organized the American Council for Judaism. One of its principal purposes was to articulate the viewpoint of those American Jews who oppose the Zionist program and who wish their dissociation to be made clear to all the American people. An oversimplified description of the organization would label it as anti-Zionist.

We in the Council are aware that many people, both those who regard themselves as Jews and those who do not, will classify one as a Jew merely because one is descended by birth from Jews. This is a sociologi-

cal fact. The American Council for Judaism, however, defines Judaism as a religion and holds that what makes one a Jew is adherence to that religion and identification with the fellowship connected with it.

Zionism is a nationalist movement which sought and achieved its political objective of a Zionist State — Israel — in a part of Palestine. Zionists speak of this as a “Jewish” state and seek to endow all Jews, regardless of their nationality, with a special relationship to it. The Council rejects any idea that Jews are a “nation” or that they have any special relation to the State of Israel.

We believe that Israel is, or should be, a nation in the Middle East, having sovereign power over its own citizens but having no claims whatever upon individuals outside its borders.

THE COUNCIL’s view of this matter was confirmed, in April of 1954, by Henry A. Byroade, Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern, South Asian and African Affairs, who declared:

“To the Israelis I say that you should come to truly look upon yourselves as a Middle Eastern State — and see your own future in that context, rather than as a headquarters — or nucleus, so to speak — of world-wide groupings of people of a particular religious faith who must have special rights within and obligations to the Israeli State.”

Dr. Emanuel Newmann, veteran

American Zionist leader, described this definition of Israel as “the antithesis of Zionism.” The basic concept of Zionism may be described as that of “Jewish” nationalism — a theory advanced by the six characteristic claims of nationalistic movements: common ancestry, common political interests, common national territory, common culture, common language and a common national religion. Zionism claims that all Jews possess these characteristics of a nationality. Mr. Byroade’s definition epitomizes the difference between Zionism and those Jews who reject the basic Zionist concept.

The relationship of America’s Middle East problems to these fundamentals has also been implied — if not stated explicitly — by officials of our Department of State. Secretary Dulles in a report to the nation on his trip to the Middle East, on June 1, 1953, said: “Today the Arab peoples are afraid that the United States will back the new State of Israel in aggressive expansion. They are more fearful of Zionism than of Communism, and they fear lest the United States become the backer of expansionist Zionism.”

Mr. Dulles’ view was further interpreted by Mr. Byroade who, in a speech before the American Council for Judaism on May 1, 1954, declared that “the quarrel which divides the Arab States and Israel is not basically religious. It is essentially a nationalistic quarrel such as could arise with equal bitterness be-

tween two other peoples whose national aspirations clashed.”

It is important to realize that in both statements Zionism, as such, is one of the major factors causing difficulties in the Middle East for it is Zionism that seeks to combine Judaism — a religion — with Israeli *national* problems. All Americans can help to ease the tensions of the area if they become fully aware of the distinction between Zionism and Judaism and if they regard Israel as a state having jurisdiction only over its own citizens with no special national attachments or associations for Jews who are citizens of other nations.

The Council's view of these matters is not a creation of its own. On the contrary, its interpretation is an ancient one and is in the direct line of the development of Judaism in the United States since Colonial times. Unquestionably there are other interpretations and other definitions, but the members of the Council have selected the views, interpretations and definitions that seem true to them, and have joined together to promote what they believe will be the development of Judaism in America and the attitude of American Jews.

JEWs were never a race. In millenia before our own they may have been. In lands other than the United States they may still choose to be something more or less than, or different from, the adherents of a

religion: a nation, a cultural minority or an ethnic group.

We, in the United States, in the twentieth century, accept none of these other identifications of either Judaism or Jews.

Zionists have every right to express their views — as long as they make it clear that they speak only for Zionists and not for all Jews. All too often they do not make this clear and, in many instances they have actually attempted to speak for all Jews. Their pre-election campaign dealing with the question of American arms shipments to the Middle East is a case in point. In endeavoring to clarify this situation to the candidates for office, the Council frequently referred to a letter to Mr. Byroade, written on January 26, 1954, in which I pointed out:

The question of military assistance to foreign states, in the Middle East or any other area of the world, is one of high diplomacy and complex technical knowledge. We seriously question that certain leaders of Jewish organizations who have presumed to advise on this question of United States military assistance for Middle Eastern states have the competence to formulate a decision in terms of the full complexity of American responsibilities in the area. It is a certainty that the memberships of most of the organizations for which these leaders presume to speak were not assembled on the basis of expertness in Middle East politics.

In its long history, Judaism has

given birth to various and sometimes inconsistent ideals and aspirations. One may find them all in Jewish literature. One must select and choose. Those that are consistent with the nature of life in America, we think, should be intensified; the others should be dropped. Fortunately, the noblest in Judaism and therefore in the history of Jews can be welded without a seam to the noblest American tradition.

But the welding of the two traditions can come only if the Jew considers himself as an individual, integrated into an American society founded upon individual rights and responsibilities, seeking no special privileges or immunities, asking no

special status or favors for the individual Jew or for any Jewish group.

The American Council for Judaism opposes all ideologies and organizations, be they Jewish or otherwise conceived and promoted, that regard Jews as an identifiable secular minority. For those of us in the Council, it is precisely because we seek an *American* Judaism, a Judaism thoroughly integrated into the American scene, that we are compelled to oppose Zionism. Zionism leads to a secular separation as the end result of its basic principle that Jews are a nation. By these teachings, Zionism, in our belief, will destroy the essentials of Judaism as a universal, world religion.



Exactly As Ordered

THE JAPANESE are acknowledged among races to be the world's cleverest imitators, but during the Korean conflict one U. S. Air Force commander was considerably provoked by this characteristic. The incident which brought this about occurred when a nervous pilot cracked a landing gear forging on a small but badly needed reconnaissance plane.

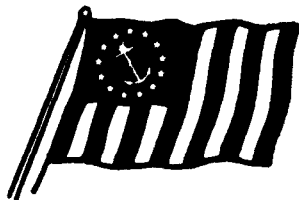
The officer, knowing that it might take months to obtain the necessary part from the States, called in a Jap mechanic.

"I want a part exactly like this one — quick," the commander said. "Can you make one?"

The mechanic, after studying the part, nodded gravely and then departed with the forging under his arm. In less than a week he was back at the hangar with the duplicate part, an exact copy of the original, including the inspection stamp impression.

The officer was elated until he took a second look at the forging — and then he was fit to be tied. The zealous workman had carefully, and with extreme accuracy, reproduced the crack in the duplicate part that had made the original part useless.

Ahoy, Mate,



Let's Navigate!

BY M. S. DARCY

YOU ARE, probably, a member of the "Thank God It's Friday Club" and eagerly await the coming of each weekend in order that you may work twice as hard on Saturday and Sunday for nothing as you would any weekday for mere money. The difference, of course, is that all the energy is expended on your own individual hobby, or project, and may run the gamut from raising rare orchids to fixing up the living room ceiling where Junior let the shower leak through.

So it is with boatmen. The fancy pants yachtsman with the standing crew of five is almost obsolete today, submerged in a rising tide of "do-it-yourself" guys who yearn only to get out on the water. They wish all winter for spring to come, that they may labor unceasingly through March cold and winds, and April rain and sun, to get their boats in the water by May. And never judge a skipper by his clothes, because from rowboats to yachts, the owners are unfailingly dirty, shabby and unshaven on spring weekends.

But the toil of a million or more Americans is amply rewarded once there is water again under the keel. What hobby can compare for relaxation, adventure and pure joy with owning a boat? You may cruise; you may fish; you may simply lie on the deck and loaf in the sun; but you will never be bored. The mailman can bring no bills; the phone cannot ring; and any incipient ulcer you may have will fade away.

You don't even have to have a license. Your boat is numbered by the Coast Guard, and as long as you are not taking passengers for hire, you are free to run into docks, drown yourself and wife, and wreck your boat in general. The pleasure, naturally, is keener if you manage to avoid these risks, so it is well to learn something about handling your craft. An education in navigation can be obtained at almost no cost by joining the Power Squadrons.

In 1912, motor boats were just gaining popularity, and proving a rather dangerous weapon in the hands of their uncontrolled and in-

experienced owners. A group in Boston, growing tired of this wild zooming around the water, organized the "Power Squadron of the Boston Yacht Club" to conduct classes for motor boatmen, and improve conditions. The movement survived a puny infancy, and, in 1914, was incorporated in New York as the "United States Power Squadrons," a national organization.

FROM the first, great stress was flaid on the proper handling of boats; and the ability to pass a comprehensive examination was one of the earliest requirements. The USPS grew slowly, suffering the usual setbacks and relapses, but by the time World War I had arrived, classes had been established in seamanship, signalling, navigation and naval procedure. Many a lowly gob received a commission on the basis of that training. After the war, the naval angle was dropped, and emphasis shifted to the amateur yachtsman.

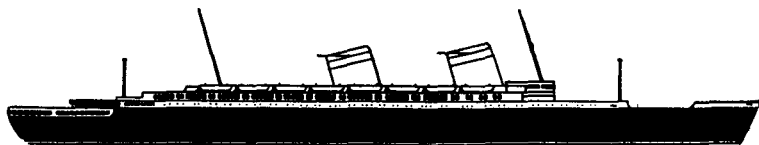
The organization is now comprised of 21,000 members, who have taken some or all of the offered courses in Piloting, Seamanship, Navigation, Weather, Engine Maintenance and Sail. They are renowned for their courtesy and helpfulness on the water. A Squadronite

will never yell, "Watch where you're going, you . . . ," as you pass by in your outboard.

Membership is open to male citizens of the United States who have passed the Piloting course, and who, in the opinion of a committee of the local Squadron, will further the aims of the organization. Courses are also open to women, and a tired marriage can be given a shot in the arm when the argument changes from the kids to the compass.

Maybe you have had a boat quite a while now and think you're pretty smart on the waterways without ever having had a lesson. But don't be too sure. A fellow I know, who had been skipping his boat for nine or ten years, rammed another craft in the Chesapeake Bay last summer. The injured party shrieked angrily at him, "Why don't you go to school and learn to run that tub?" So he did, and was surprised at his own ignorance.

If you own a boat, are boat-shopping, or aim to be a deck hand on another guy's investment, get in touch with your local Squadron. It costs practically nothing, and you'll meet a lot of swell people. One evening a week is all it takes, and if you rush — well, I still make it home in time for the fights on TV.





BY VIC RUSSELL

The Simple Life in Winter



WHEN a man retires from the common city noises—the honking of auto horns, the roaring of tightly packed buses, he seeks the unfrequented places where he can find peace of mind, silence, a good book and a comfortable fire.

Our place on top of Cataract Hill in the Missouri Ozarks has all these attractions. Outside our house the nights are silent, the forest floor dazzling white with a fresh snow. The full moon makes everything like daytime. At the foot of the hill, Current River dances along, shivering in the freezing mist which rises from the water.

A log rolls down in the fireplace causing sparks to race up the flue, and the room instantly springs into brightness with shadows prancing around the walls.

Old Snort, the long-eared hound dog, gets to his feet, then satisfied the burning log can't reach him, stretches out again in front of the hearth. He sighs deeply from contentment and goes back to his dreams of coon and fox hunting.

In a few seconds, the only sound in the room is the ticking of the old clock on the wall. Before long a sharp, quick bark of a fox comes from the hillside. Snort raises his

head, ears alert, eyes wide-awake. He listens, his nose working, as if to smell the fox.

"What is it, boy?" we whisper to him. He goes to the large picture window and looks down the slope of the hill.

"Pretty cold out there," we tell him. "Better come back to the fire." Instead he goes to the door and whines. After we let him out, he goes to the edge of the porch and lifts his head to the cold air. Closing the door, I go back to the fire.

There is a great deal more to an open fire besides heat. To have a battered, comfortable chair with arms that seem to reach out a welcome to the tired old body is magnificent. The radio is within arm's reach and it's time for the ten o'clock news.

But the man who lives in a distant world is caustic with his comments. He has no place in our nest of contentment. A twist of the dial and soft, pleasant music floats into the room. We ponder the question: "Does the orchestra realize how far it reaches? Do the musicians know what a pleasure we get from their playing, a thousand miles away? How many other people, in homes, in cars, also are listening?"

If they only knew how fortunate we were — not having to spend hours in routine work as they do. Would they envy us? I'm sure they would.

They are no different than we were a few years ago. They have yet to learn the contentment, the tran-

quility which awaits anyone who chooses the simple life in the middle of nature's wonderland.

HERE we are, far away from strife, discontentment, worry and the seemingly endless bills at the end of the month.

There are so few who live to see the fulfillment of such desires as we have. To many, retirement before sixty is only a dream; something impossible, something beyond attainment. The simple life is the answer.

There is a scratch on the door, Snort has enough of the snow and wants back in by the fire. I let him in and he hurries to the fire, lies down and licks the snow from his paws. Before long the heat soothes him into drowsiness and he stretches full-length before the fire.

It is bedtime. I poke the embers closer to the backlog, put the screen before the fire and wind the clock on the wall. Tomorrow will be a full day, for one of the neighbors is going to butcher a hog and we will help. Tomorrow night we'll have fresh sausage and tenderloin.

Then after supper we'll listen to the radio, read more in a good book and Snort will stretch out in front of the fireplace to dream whatever dogs dream about.

Winter time is a wonderful time on top of a hill beside a river and in the woods. The simple life is wonderful for those who want to retire and take life easy.



Carnegie Medals of Honor

BY LEWIS NORDYKE

IT HAS been fifty years since the late Andrew Carnegie set aside five million dollars for the recognition and financial reward of unsung civilian heroes in the United States and Canada. In that half century, 3,892 men, women and children have been awarded Carnegie Medals. They and their survivors have received financial help amounting to \$7,489,313.15. During this same span of time, the 21-man Carnegie Hero Fund Commission, which handles the fund from headquarters in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has noted 39,604 other acts of bravery which didn't quite measure up to the standards of extreme risk required for medals.

The Commission must decide between the degrees of heroism required for its three medals — the Gold, the Silver and the Bronze. Actually, the measure is not so much of bravery but rather of *how* a person is brave. The highest award, the Gold Medal, goes only to those who display extreme courage in the face of the gravest danger — when courage is sustained under prolonged

peril. The Silver Medal is awarded heroes who, recognizing the odds against them, put up fights of a less high degree to save lives. The majority of awards are Bronze medals and they are given for purely impulsive deeds — to persons who, without pausing to consider the danger, rush to the assistance of someone needing help.

Except for the metal, the medals are all alike — round pieces three inches across and as thick as a dollar. On one side is the bust of Carnegie and this statement: "Carnegie Hero Fund. Established April 15th, 1904." The other side is a smooth rectangular field for the name of the hero, and around the rim these words: "Greater Love Hath No Man Than This: That a Man Lay Down His Life For His Friends."

Carnegie heroes have ranged in years from nine to the late 70's. The first medal was presented in 1905 to a 17-year-old school boy, Louis A. Baumann, Jr., who rescued a friend from drowning in a creek. Since that time, more medals have been given for heroic acts in water than for any-

thing else. Next in line comes rescue from fires. None has set out to try to win the reward; very few of the recipients have been aware that such a medal existed. Twelve of the 79 persons who were singled out for extreme courage in 1953 died in efforts to save others.

The rarest of all Carnegie awards is the Gold Medal and none has been given in 30 years. Only 19 have been awarded in all and at least a dozen of these were for rescues at sea; one was enshrined in a bronze plaque to commemorate the heroism of those aboard the *Titanic*.

THE resoluteness of Forest W. McNeir, an architect, is a good example of Gold Medal bravery. On February 12, 1910, McNeir stood watching a fire in Houston, Texas. Fireman Charles A. Rogers was fighting the blaze from an aerial ladder which came in contact with an electric wire causing it to slowly jackknife against a lower section. Rogers rode the toppling section to where it came to a stop, 37 feet above the ground, but he was unable to climb down because in trying to right himself he had caught a foot between the rungs of the two sections. He was trapped only a few feet from the building, and flames licked at him from a nearby window.

A fireman ran to the ladder to climb up. He was knocked several feet. The power wire had caught on the falling ladder and its metal parts were charged with electricity, not

enough to kill a man but a very strong current. Another fireman tried the ladder and was also knocked away.

McNeir walked to the front of the crowd, grasped the ladder with incalculable stoicism and climbed toward the trapped and scorching fireman. When he finally achieved a top rung and touched Rogers, the contact apparently intensified the voltage, and the shock broke McNeir's hand-hold loose. As he fell, his body hit the ladder with a heavy thump, and he bounced off and hurtled to the street. This human blow jolted the ladder sufficiently to free Rogers' foot, and he slid down. Both McNeir and Rogers recovered.

Another Gold Medal award, where courage was sustained under prolonged peril, was in the rescue of two well-diggers in Kansas, who were caught in the bottom of a 32-foot hole by caving earth. A middle-aged school superintendent, finding no one else willing to go because of the danger of further cave-ins, climbed down the ladder, and working with scoop and bare hands and a bucket lowered from above, in two long, hard hours managed to free both men, one dead but the other still alive. All the time he knew that he, too, might be buried by a slide — which occurred just after he got out.

The Silver Medal goes to heroes who put up a sustained fight. One of the most recent was awarded Sam E. Wohlford, a Stratford, Texas, rancher, who risked death for 15

hours in a shrieking blizzard in behalf of two storm-stricken families.

Wohlford, a quiet, self-effacing man, had been sitting close to the fire in his home. At three o'clock in the afternoon he was aroused by a knock on the door. A half-frozen man staggered in, who said that he, his three small children and his mother-in-law had spent the night in the cab of a truck which had stalled in a snow bank. The windows of the truck were broken and the man feared his family would freeze.

Wohlford improvised a platform on his farm tractor and covered it with a tarpaulin. Taking the shivering visitor with him to show the way, he rescued the woman and three children, all unconscious except the baby, and took them to a nearby home which the father hadn't seen in the thickly falling snow.

BY THIS time it was dark and the temperature had dropped below zero. There was no telephone service, and the nearest doctor was ten miles away.

Wohlford set out alone on his tractor to get the doctor. On the way the engine died. Left afoot, Wohlford walked until he found a house on the highway. There he ran into a new emergency. A young man and his wife were stranded in their home by the blizzard, and she was having a baby.

Guiding himself by a barbed-wire fence and a row of rural electric poles, Wohlford tramped two miles

to the home of relatives of the young mother. He aroused the family, who took him back to the couple's house in a truck. Leaving the woman there to act as midwife, the men drove on to find a doctor. They made their way nearly 20 miles to an ordnance plant near Dumas where they secured an ambulance and guided a rescue party, including the urgently needed doctor, to the family he had first rescued. The woman and two of the children were dead, but the father and one son survived. After treating them, the doctor hurried to the home of the anxious young couple and delivered a baby girl.

The Bronze Medal has been given most often — 3,312 persons having received it. Strangely, it has gone to many persons who sacrificed their lives, while the Silver Medal, which only 561 persons have received, may go to someone who survives his heroic act.

Occasionally several persons work together to save someone in peril. Barry L. Wilson, a 17-year-old school boy of Pacific Grove, California, was swimming in Monterey Bay when a shark sank his teeth into the boy's legs and pulled him under. A moment later the lad surfaced with blood from his mangled flesh rising about his face. Brookner West Brady, Jr., a 15-year-old, heard his screams and swam to him and tried to tow him to shore. Then John L. Pokus and Roy Franklin Ambrosio rushed into the shark-infested water to help. Wilson was struck once more by the

hungry shark as the men pulled him through the water, and he was dead when the rescuers brought him ashore. Brady, Pokus and Ambrosio were all awarded Bronze Medals.

A BRONZE MEDAL was awarded Charles S. Harris, a factory worker for a countryside performance that would have brought rousing cheers from a rodeo audience and which did bring the gratitude of one man, John F. Perry, a farm-hand living near Bostic, North Carolina.

On October 9, 1938, Perry was working in a pasture when he attempted to drive away a bull. Instead of going away, however, the bull charged and knocked Perry down. The man lay on his back and the bull continued to butt him.

Harris, who was nearby, was preparing to run for shelter for he felt that as soon as the bull had knocked Perry to the ground it would start for him. But when he heard Perry's call for help he ran toward the bull, circled to its side, took hold of its horns, and raised them an inch or two from Perry. The farmer slid out from under the bull's head. The now enraged bull tried to go after Perry again. Harris held on. Perry grabbed hold of the bull's nostrils, pulled himself to his feet, and aided Harris in throwing the bull to its side.

Perry was badly winded and also in great pain. Harris instructed him to run away as fast as he could. He held the bull a short time and then decided that if he released his hold,

the animal would now attack him rather than Perry. He jumped free and ran but the bull showed no more desire to attack.

Perry was badly bruised and two ribs were fractured but he soon recovered. Harris was given \$500 in addition to his Medal.

Another Bronze Medal recipient was a clergyman, Grover C. Brewer. Walking down a quiet street in the middle-sized town of Sherman, Texas, he saw a dog snap at a well-bundled-up child. He also saw foam at the dog's mouth and thought that it must be rabid. He pursued the dog until he saw a policeman was also chasing it. The minister started on toward home.

A short time later, he was crossing an alley when he glanced down the narrow opening and saw the same dog running toward three children who were playing nearby. Brewer started removing his overcoat to use in capturing the dog, but it turned and sprang at him, striking him in the chest. The minister teetered, regained his balance and grabbed the dog's throat. The animal snapped his left wrist.

With great difficulty, Brewer held the howling, slobbering 50-pound dog for several minutes until a man living nearby ran out of his house and shot the animal. Brewer took Pasteur immunization against rabies and suffered no serious effects. He was awarded a Bronze Medal and \$1,000.

When Benjamin W. Draper, aged

seven, fell through the ice into Yamaska River near Cowansville, Quebec, 14-year-old Doris E. Lewis crept out to within three feet of the hole in the ice and extended a hockey stick to Benjamin. The youngster, floundering in five feet of water, was either too terrified or too benumbed by the cold to grasp the stick, so Doris lay on the ice and inched forward in an effort to reach him. When the ice gave way under her, she swam two or three feet to the boy, grabbed him and held his head out of water — although she herself was only five-feet-three-inches tall. Somehow her feet found a boulder on the river bottom which raised them both above the surface, but still in four feet of water.

Standing on this precarious perch, she held Benjamin until aid arrived ten minutes later. Unconscious when taken from the icy river, she revived quickly. For her courageous feat, she was awarded the Silver Medal.

Down south a baby fell into a well hole 60 feet deep and only 13 inches across. A boy named Plato Elbert Gray, so tiny he could fit into the hole, volunteered to go down on the end of a rope. With bare feet and hands he wormed his way, sharp rocks cutting his face and nearly putting out his eyes. He grabbed the baby by the shirt, but halfway up the shirt tore and the child dropped down again. At the top, Plato wiped the blood from his face and offered to go down head first so he could “grab her good.” Shaking with chill,

with blood pouring from his nose and his numerous cuts, he brought the baby back. When told he deserved a Medal, he grinned and said: “All ah wants is a pair of shoes!”

MOST of the recognized heroes have been poor people. In many cases in which men have lost their lives saving others, their families have been left destitute. In others the hero has been permanently injured and unable to make a living. Carnegie recognized this when he set up the fund.

“I do not expect to stimulate or create heroism by this fund,” Carnegie said, “knowing well that heroic action is impulsive; but I do believe that, if the hero is injured in his bold attempt to serve or save his fellows, he and those dependent upon him should not suffer pecuniarily.”

Carnegie, who once said it was a shame for a man to die rich, was inspired to create the fund by a Pennsylvania mine disaster in which nearly 200 miners were killed. He was particularly impressed by the heroism of two men who died in an attempt to save the doomed miners. The families of these heroes were left in financial straits and Carnegie decided that, as far as possible, a man who risks his life in the service of others should be rewarded financially if he or his family need it.

The courage displayed and the danger faced have nothing to do with the amount of the cash grants;

this is based entirely on need. Sam Wohlford received no money because he did not need it. Charles S. Harris was given \$500 because it was something he could use. The cash grants vary. A school boy or girl may get from \$100 to \$250 for educational purposes. The widow of a hero who lost his life may get \$1,000 a year, in monthly installments, for life, or until she remarries. In some instances, the Commission has paid off mortgages on homes. Injured heroes are paid monthly stipends, according to need, until they recover.

There is no guesswork about an act of heroism or the financial need. The Commission keeps five well-trained field inspectors on the road all the time. These men go to the scene of every rescue reported that seems worthy of investigation. The inspectors determine exactly how many feet a man ran to scoop up a baby girl playing in front of a speeding train or the distance a man swam to grab a drowning person from death. They check the weather that prevailed. The Commission will not accept newspaper reports, letters or even petitions as final fact on a rescue; it wants every fact substantiated.

The detailed reports of the inspectors go to the Commission, which is made up of businessmen who receive no pay. The Commission, presently headed by Thomas S. Arbuthnot, not only makes the awards but acts as guardian of the heroes, shielding them from undue publicity.

The worst criminal is eligible for a Medal and a cash grant if by his act of heroism he deserves them, but only the person who leads an exemplary life can continue on the pensioner rolls.

WHEN the Commission was established with appointees by Andrew Carnegie it neglected to make an announcement to the press. It has followed that conservative line. It holds three regular meetings a year — usually in January, April and October. At each of these it studies the acts of heroism, as reported by the field investigators, and then makes awards.

Each January the Commission publishes its annual report, a thin green volume which, along with facts about the workings of the fund, tells of the awards of the previous year. In the back of this booklet the Commission prints an invitation to the public to report to it any rescues and incidents of courage deemed worthy of consideration. This booklet is made available to public libraries.

The accomplishment of the Commission has long passed the most hopeful dream of the founder. By astute investment and management, it has distributed one and one half times the original five million dollars. And it has on hand around eight million dollars to go to future heroes who will never be aware that they are heroes until the hazardous moment arrives.



Packaged Thinking *from* **MOSCOW**

By Louis Francis Budenz

IN AMERICAN FOLKLORE, since way back in the 'nineties, there have been accounts of yokels who came to New York and bought the Brooklyn Bridge. The "suckers" among us have been immortalized in O. Henry's tales of the Gentle Grafter. We are a people who have been inclined to laugh at those who are taken in. It has not occurred to many of us as yet that we, as a nation, this United States of ours, is rapidly becoming an object of similar international ridicule.

The gentlemen who preside over the world Communist conspiracy from the Kremlin have cast us in the

role of the present day "sucker," and quite a few of us have accepted the part, frequently with a smile. A considerable segment of our population and even a larger percentage of our leadership have thought and acted in large part as Moscow wanted them to think and act. And this quaint but fatal custom continues down to the present day.

There was the strange case of the "new look" given by some of our notable newspapers and commentators to Joseph V. Stalin, immediately after American recognition of Soviet Russia and then again in World War II. The late dictator,

who sent millions of helpless victims to slave-labor camps, was then presented as a changed man, one who would hold a baby on his knee, one who had abandoned world conquest in setting up "Socialism in one country."

This dream-world view persisted down to the day when ex-President Truman broke down and admitted that "good old Joe" had reminded him of Boss Pendergast, which was the highest compliment that the man from Independence could pay any individual, living or dead. Meanwhile, Stalin was advising his followers, in the pages of the *Foundations of Leninism*, of his real objective, including the conquest of the United States. He had stated quite clearly that the objective for the Kremlin during this period of history was "to consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat in one country, using it as a base for the overthrow of imperialism in all countries." It is in this period that "the revolution is spreading beyond the confines of one country; the period of world revolution has commenced." And in that process, he made certain to emphasize, the Government of the United States was to be smashed.

Any one of the ladies and gentlemen of the press who gave us the infantile view of a changed Stalin, and any one of the political leaders who agreed with that picture, could have read these words at any time. They have appeared in English

translation since 1934, and have been distributed by the thousands of copies right here in the United States down to the present hour.

THE misrepresentation to the American people of the Kremlin's purpose was bad enough, yet we had had a previous experience. The cry for "the united front," raised in 1935 by Moscow had inveigled us into that unguarded attitude toward Soviet Russia which eventually led us to expend lives and lend-lease to save the Soviet dictatorship. But at the very moment when this fraud of the "united front" was being initiated, the Communists were being told something quite different by their leaders.

At the Seventh World Congress in Moscow, which originated the "united front" slogan, Stalin's words rang out, declaring that Soviet Russia was "the fatherland" of "the working class of the whole world," and urging the Communists "to spread the cause of the world revolution." There was no secret about these declarations which stimulated the conspiracy throughout the world. They were made in public and were published in English translation in *International Press Correspondence*, notably the issue of September 17, 1935.

Nothing daunted by these experiences, learning nothing from the past, a number of our guileless newspapers now publish reports giving a "new look" to Stalin's successor, the

dictator, G. M. Malenkov. Harrison Salisbury, in his otherwise interesting series in the *New York Times*, makes of the new master of the Kremlin a large-scale edition of Little Lord Fauntleroy. Miss Marguerite Higgins, writing from Soviet Russia for the *New York Herald-Tribune*, refers directly to Malenkov's "new look," and states that since Stalin's death, foreigners are being treated more civilly. If we would take the time or trouble, we could dig up the reports of Walter Duranty and discover the same sort of nonsense presented to us in regard to Stalin and alleged changes he was making.

As early as January 31, in connection with the Geneva Conference, the Associated Press distributed a story which told us that since Stalin's death, Foreign Minister V. M. Molotov — Malenkov's right-hand man — had become genial and hospitable. But a cold sense of reality should have blotted out all these pleasant dreams when this same Molotov, in his public address at Moscow on December 10, declared belligerently: "There is no force in the world strong enough to stop the march of Communism." And we should have completely come around to our senses when he significantly added that one of the great sources of strength to Soviet Russia and its satellites was that they "enjoy such support from abroad," that is, that Communist molding of our thinking has made us virtually powerless.

Unfortunately, the limits of our credulity have not yet been reached. Our official policy is based upon the hope that we can induce the masters of the Kremlin to realize the catastrophe which they are working to bring about, devoting to it every move and every ounce of energy. The Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, goes to the length of stating on a televised Cabinet meeting that the Paris agreement, rearming Germany in part, is designed also "to protect Soviet Russia from resurgent German militarism." We have swallowed Stalin's 1927 slogan of "peaceful coexistence" to the extent that we feel it necessary to "protect" Soviet Russia from the German people, who could be our staunchest allies. Just what deep confidence in us this announcement gives the German people is something I am unable to fathom.

We must regretfully admit that too many of our agencies of information and too much of our national leadership are accepting "the Communist line" — that series of proposals which Moscow wants us to adopt at any particular period in order to weaken us.

When the bumpkin on Broadway buys the Brooklyn Bridge, he loses his life's savings; but when we fall victims to "the line" we risk our very life as a nation.

THE HISTORY of "peaceful coexistence," the foundation for the present Red line, is most illu-

minating. It was first raised by Stalin at the Fifteenth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in 1927. The explanations which the Communists give to themselves concerning this slogan show that it was devised for the deceit of the non-Soviet world, while Socialism was still weak. To anyone familiar with Communist jargon, this is the explanation given by Alexander Trachtenberg as late as December, 1951, in a Communist pamphlet, *For Peaceful Coexistence*.

It was at that time that the Communists resurrected this slogan on a big scale. *Political Affairs*, official theoretical organ of the Communist Party here, emphasized it in issue after issue during 1952. Before many months had passed, it was the main theme in our daily press and other publications, frequently favorably received, and eventually it was uttered by the titular heads of both Republicans and Democrats.

ANY EXAMINATION of the conditions laid down by Malenkov and other Communist leaders, by which the United States is to be permitted to "coexist," will reveal that this slogan is in reality a pledge for us of "peaceless nonexistence." And yet, because it has a soothing sound, and seems to hold the promise of "peace," which cannot exist by Soviet standards, we have all but made it our own.

The first condition which Moscow lays down for "coexistence" is

the recognition of Red China and the admission of Red China to the United Nations. A portion of our press and not a few of our "intellectuals" have come forward in favor of that proposal. So far has it got along that it is now being debated in a great number of our colleges, with the affirmative side being favorable to recognition. That is a new victory for Soviet psychological warfare. What American colleges should be discussing, after all our experiences of Soviet perfidy, should be: "Resolved that the United States, in order properly to defend itself, break off all relations with Soviet Russia and its satellite regimes."

Psychologically, as the debate is now presented, we are put in a position of arguing whether we should retreat or not. By the other formulation, which meets the current needs of America, we would be discussing whether or not this nation has the stamina to take the international offensive and thus save itself.

Another condition for "coexistence," which has made tremendous headway, is the demand for endless expansion of "East-West trade." This demand was officially raised by Moscow in calling the so-called National Economic Conference in the Soviet capital beginning April 3, 1952. That conference was reported to be lacking in success by a number of our newspaper representatives who were there, but they did not reckon on Communist methods or pressures. By now, it has become

such an issue that the United States has been compelled to retreat in part from its embargo on trade with the Soviet world established in 1950. And recently it was announced that a special Cabinet session would be held, because of the alarm felt in Washington at the great amounts of war matériel moving into Soviet-dominated lands.

One of the other big conditions, the "total disarmament" of the United States and the ending of our superiority in atomic stockpiles, has not yet been granted. But if we persist in the folly that we can negotiate ourselves into "peace" with Soviet Russia and that we should enter into a non-aggression pact with the Kremlin, we may be persuaded to come around to this disarmament — in the name of winning "peace."

ON THE domestic scene, the outstanding item in the current Communist line has been "the battle against McCarthyism." This was first raised at the extraordinary national committee meeting of the Communist Party on March 23, 1950. Gus Hall, then acting leader of the conspiracy here, called upon the concealed Communists and their friends to "put the McCarthys on the subversive, un-American garbage heap where they belong."

The use of the plural term, "McCarthys," was not by accident. This was an indication, as the Communists explained over and over in their official organs, that the "bat-

tle" was not merely against an individual but against anyone who attempted to show that the Communist Party was a conspiracy.

This objective was summed up in an article in the June, 1953, *Political Affairs*, entitled "The Anatomy of McCarthyism." That summing up said: "The immediate and broadest rallying ground in the struggle for democratic liberties is the fight against McCarthyism. This means the fight against Joe McCarthy the individual, against each and every McCarthyite . . . and against all manifestations of McCarthyism."

More than 1,000 issues of the *Daily Worker* worked this campaign up into fever heat, finally inciting the Stalinites to super-frenzy by declaring in big headlines that "A Vote Against Censure Is a Vote for Gas Ovens." Scores of issues of *Political Affairs* mapped out the campaign in detail — until it broke out into many sections of our general press and paralyzed the United States Senate for months.

This was precisely what the Communists had intended, for at their secret conference of September, 1953, the order had been given "to merge the battle against McCarthyism with the struggle for peace," that is, for Soviet aggression.

Moscow directly supervised and stimulated this campaign. The *Kommunist*, theoretical organ of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, in its May, 1954, issue declared that "McCarthyism" is "an

American variety of Fascism," and that the McCarthyites are "following in the footsteps of Hitler." It is interesting to note how many distinguished personages in this country echoed that thought and even those precise words.

We may note that on December 6, 1954, William Z. Foster expressed satisfaction that the United States Senate condemned Senator McCarthy, but he criticizes the upper chamber severely for having obscured "the Fascist danger of McCarthyism." He comments that "only Senators Fulbright and Lehman even approached a real attack on McCarthyism," and he demands in effect that the Government root out all "McCarthyism" and "McCarthyites," that is, bring a halt completely to any action against the Communist conspiracy.

ON DECEMBER 14, Senator Lehman of New York, in accepting the Four Freedoms Foundation award, expressed the same sentiments to the extent of declaring that it was "McCarthyism" that must be crushed. Mr. Lehman did continue by adding that the Federal Government had "moved inexorably" against the Communist leadership in this country, citing the conviction of eleven Communist leaders in 1949. He also referred to the indictment, trial, or conviction of seventy-six others by the end of 1952. By these acts, he asserted, "the power of the Communist Party

in this country was thoroughly shattered."

The good Senator is here a victim of self-deception. The various trials of Communist leaders have not seriously hindered the conspiracy at all. They would have been effective had they been conducted in the background of a firm American policy all along the line, in its relations to Soviet Russia and to the concealed Communists, who still infiltrate every avenue of American life.

The strength of the Communist conspiracy in the United States today, if anything, is greater than when I left it in 1945. It continues to function vigorously, particularly through the concealed Communists. It has a chain of sixteen large and flourishing book stores over the country from New York to San Francisco, in addition to at least double that number functioning under the pretense of dealing generally in the book trade. It was able to issue a report on the Thirtieth Anniversary of International Publishers, one of the two authorized publishing houses for Moscow in this country, in which it was stated that in a thirty-month period twenty-five thousand copies of Marxist-Leninist books and pamphlets had been ordered by more than 300 colleges and universities.

In addition, the latest directive organs of the conspiracy boldly announce that it is infiltrating the Democratic Party nationally "and areas of the Republican Party." It has

been so arrogant as to set down in the September and October issues of *Political Affairs* orders as to what the incoming Congress must do. Among these measures are demands that the Congress attack all those who are seeking to curb the conspiracy, that it end all effective investigation into subversion, and that it impair the "Gestapo-like activities" of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The *Daily Worker* proceeds to send out, day by day, directives for undermining the Government of the United States. On November 10, 1954, this daily Red organ went so far as to address "an open letter to the U. S. Senate," ordering that body to take steps in accordance with the Communist line.

Today, *Political Affairs* and the *Daily Worker* are among the most powerful publications in the United States. If you read them carefully and constantly, you will learn that what they order today is carried out in certain publications of general circulation a few weeks hence, and too frequently becomes embedded in the views of official Washington.

To represent such an active and effective force as being "crushed" is a fantasy which the Communists would like us to believe, in order that their line may sail forward more easily as something of non-Communist origin.

THE SUCCESS of Soviet psychological warfare within our own borders has been aided greatly by its

being presented as packaged thinking. This saves many people the pain and strain of thinking for themselves. First of all, the Communist line is presented under the tinselled phrases of "peace" and "anti-Fascism," very fine concepts in themselves, to which every genuine American would subscribe. Too few of us take the trouble to learn that "peace" in the Soviet catalogue is the advance of Moscow's aggression, and that "anti-Fascism" covers anything that will protect and forward the conspiracy. It was V. M. Molotov himself, during the Hitler-Stalin alliance, who revealed the cynical Soviet attitude on this point in declaring that "Fascism is a matter of taste."

In addition, the Communists wrap up their line with demands for "jobs, peace, equal rights, and democracy," thus making the things that Moscow wants us to buy appear to be interlinked with objectives that are desirable for all. This is an old Communist shell game, for anyone who would genuinely believe in efforts for jobs, peace, equal rights, and democracy in a real sense would be dubbed a "reformist," a vile term in the Red lexicon.

As late as the November issue of *Political Affairs*, the comrades were told that they must so conduct the battle "against McCarthyism" as to make it "part of the struggle of the whole people" against depression, war, and for Negro equality. In the September number of that im-

portant Red directive organ, Betty Gannett, veteran Soviet agent, stressed that the outcry "for jobs, peace, equal rights, and democracy" must be the way to reach the masses in order to aid "the propagation of Socialist ideas."

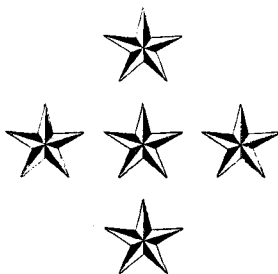
This follows the pattern set down for Communist infiltration of "mass organizations," by which public opinion is so much affected. Before he went to Federal prison, John Williamson, member of the American Politburo, reiterated the instructions for infiltration in the November, 1950, issue of *Political Affairs*. And there he began with the necessity for the infiltrators first to raise "immediate demands" and then to link them up with the Communist line.

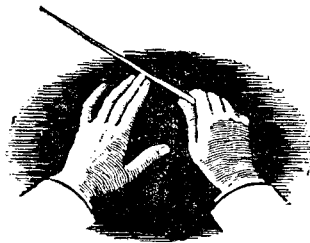
The gullible one who accepts the Communist "peace" pretenses then is confronted with the necessity for supporting recognition of Red China and of the disarmament of the United States, in order to get this "peace." Those who are enticed by

the Red cry for "jobs" discover that they are inveigled into working for "East-West trade" and thus building up the Soviet economy. And thus they go down the line.

The best way to beat this Red game is by scientific knowledge on the part of alert community leaders as to the operations of the conspiracy, learning in advance what the Communists plan for the deceit of the uninformed. That is why the twenty community classes that have been held in the New York-New Jersey-Philadelphia area on the Techniques of Communism are to be welcomed. And by the same token, the extension of these classes to Boston and other cities outside New York, which is now taking place, is one sign of the increasingly healthy viewpoint of our people.

As it stands today, too many American leaders have been put to sleep by the drug of Soviet psychological warfare. Perhaps a good shaking, in the form of intelligent pressure, can wake them up.





SOUND ON DISC

AGE HAS some advantages. I can't claim to be as old as Bing Crosby — but I did hear him when he was one of a trio called Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys, a vodo-deodo group which made pleasantly intricate sounds in front of a half-acre of instruments. And I still have a beat-up old Victor record in which the Crosby high tenor sings *You Took Advantage Of Me* as prelude to one of the sensational "chase" choruses of Bix Beiderbecke and Frankie Trumbauer.

This establishes my bonafides. Unlike a certain broadcasting comic, I was there, I can really hear it now, I can remember the story — and what I've forgotten, the records bring back. My prep school and college days were adorned by the songs that Bing Crosby sang and immortalized. These songs are part of the culture today — but how many can recall the impact of the Crosby voice when it first established itself on the national consciousness — or the "controversy" over his first imitator, the ill-fated Russ Columbo?

It's all history now, as historical as the emergent Crosby personality — the easy-going manner which supplanted the overblown style of the early records. The records themselves are history. They came out in fantastic numbers and sold in the millions. The girls who daydreamed over them are mothers of grown girls today — and they still daydream with their daughters. The appeal was not s-e-x, in the Frank Sinatra or Eddie Fisher manner, but warmth and good nature and sincerity. The records still come and the voice pours forth, but it is the man who dominates them. Crosby, Bingo or der Bingle or le Bing, has become an international figure, young no longer, with a dapper hair-piece hiding the thinning hair, but the man goes on, a fixture in the hearts of his public.

So it is unusual but not unwarranted that Decca should have devoted to the man and his music a deluxe album — five 12-inch records individually wrapped in plastic, a biography by Louis Untermeyer,

and a discography — and made it the focus of its twentieth anniversary celebration. Crosby is worth it, and more. It is doubly fitting because Decca's great success as a recording company is tied so closely to Bing's. Crosby made Decca and helped build it up to its present position as one of the Big Three of American recording companies. Nineteen of Crosby's records sold over a million copies for Decca — and *White Christmas* topped the nine million mark.

Close to ninety of Bing Crosby's hits have been put into this package of music, nostalgia, and reminiscence. A substantial number of them have been re-recorded for the occasion, which is a pity, but the largest representation is of the original records as sung alone or with the "assistance" of top performers like Louis Armstrong or Connie Boswell or Mary Martin. It is a cross-section of American popular music — songs from the great movies and the great hits — and a cross-section, too, of your adolescence, your courtship, your nights by the radio in the ancient days when we sat by the radio. It's *Old Ox Road* and *Temptation* and *Whiffenpoof* and *The Bells of St. Mary's*. I can't list them all, but your heart can. (Decca DX 151)

There is another kind of going back in a beautiful album issued by Columbia. It is called *The Confederacy*. Within its covers you will find pages of text by Bruce Catton, pictures of the War Between the States, the songs they sang and played below

the Mason-Dixon line when the Rebel boys went off to war, and the bittersweet essence of a gallant and lost cause. For whatever the issues of the war may have been, the Confederacy represented an American tradition which was drowned in the blood of Gettysburg and Bull Run and Appomattox, and smothered in the Reconstruction.

By the logic of history, the industrial and democratic North triumphed, but in its victory it crushed the aristocracy which gave America Washington and Jefferson and Lee — an aristocracy of place and education and land which could not survive against the muscled urbanization of American society. That South vanished, but the songs and the mythology remain. In their way, they too are America, and this album of words and pictures and music re-creates it lovingly. (Columbia A-1111)

SINCE this is a column of superlatives, let me also call to your attention a collection of the writings of Tomás Luís de Victoria, the great Spanish liturgist of the sixteenth century. In depth of emotion and purity of spirit, this music goes far beyond Palestrina, beyond the Flemish and French composers of praise unto the Lord. Here is the *Ave Verum*, a *Tenebrae*, and several *Responsories*, all fresh and beautifully sung by the Sistine Chapel Choir. "*O vos omnes, qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte.*" (Period SPL 706)

And from the critic and composer of parts, Virgil Thomson, *Five Songs from William Blake*, excellently sung by Mack Harrell (with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy). Thomson's setting of *The Divine Image* is a small masterpiece, but *And Did Those Feet* strains too mightily to get away from Parry's superlative hymn. (Columbia ML 4919)

It is a pleasure to play Vox's recent issue of the complete *Brandenburg Concertos* of Johann Sebastian Bach. There are other recordings by more illustrious combinations, but Jascha Horenstein and his soloists can be credited for having outstripped the others. If you lack these six great chamber works, by all means get this faithfully recorded Vox version. As a dividend, you will also get the complete score with your two-record album. (Vox DL 122) And for contrast, you can have Bach's *Coffee Cantata*, a bouncing and satirical score coupled to another secular work, *Amore Traditore*, both by the Pro Musica Orchestra of Stuttgart, Rolf Reinhardt conducting. (Vox PL8980)

IF HIGH FIDELITY is your passion (or your disease), then you will already know of the Cook Laboratories and their *Sounds of Our Times*. This is the very best there is in the capture of sound on disc, engineered beyond the capacity of the average phonograph and designed specifically for the custom set. I have played Cook's *Fiesta Flamenca*, a

recital by the great gypsy guitarist, Carlos Montoya, and his troupe (Cook 1027), and *A Study in Modern Orchestral Textures* — Honegger's *Pacific 231*, Barber's *Adagio for Strings*, and the Debussy-Ravel *Danse* — by the Orchestral Society of Boston (Cook 1068). The flamenco is so real that the timbers spring out of your speaker. So, too, is the orchestral offering. They are tremendous as recording and as performance.

For the lovers of folk music, there is a charming and excellently sung collection by Cynthia Gooding on Elektra. She was highly recommended to me by Charles A. Pearce, a long-time aficionado of folk music, but he underrated the genuineness of her singing. To record these *Italian Folk Songs*, she must have listened long and carefully to the real thing. It took me back to my Army days when I heard the Italian prisoners singing of their far-off homes. (Elektra EKL-17). Less affecting was *Old Airs from Ireland, Scotland, and England*, sung by Susan Reed, whose talents the *Daily Worker* rates more highly than do I. She has a pleasant, unassuming voice, but little warmth. (Elektra ELK-26)

There are many more records I would like to write about, but they must wait until next month. As a preview I can announce that the Haydn Society has issued another group of records from the *Anthologie Sonore*, and these I will discuss in greater detail subsequently.

RALPH DE TOLEDANO



The President's **OHIO ESTATE**

By Jane Jansen

I WONDER if President Dwight D. Eisenhower knows he owns a piece of land other than his estate near Gettysburg?

Long before President Eisenhower was born, in 1817, to be exact, there was willed to him a plot of ground. A cemetery, no less. This plot of ground is in Fairchild County, Ohio, near Lancaster.

The President's property is now an isolated piece of meadow land, far from any habitation. It is protected by a thick stone wall ten feet high built in the shape of a perfect twelve-sided polygon.

Few of Lancaster's residents can tell you much about it. Farmers living near it are not clear as to what the odd-shaped plot is, or why there should be the high wall protecting it.

The plot was laid out by Nathaniel Wilson as a family graveyard. According to the words of Mr. Wilson's will, it was deeded "unto James Monroe, President of the United States, and his successors in office, forever, in trust for me the said Nathaniel Wilson and my heirs. . ."

In 1817, the country was small and sparsely settled but Mr. Wilson

hoped that his name would ever be remembered through use of the land as a burying ground for the country's Presidents.

The stone wall is carefully built — a masterpiece of workmanship. Each of its twelve sides is twenty-nine-and-one-half feet in length. The builder had confidence that the legacy would be acceptable to the Presidents, and he expected such custody would insure his desired preservation.

The huge sandstone blocks are laid without cement. They are cut and joined so not one of them ends at a corner. Inside the enclosure are wide granite slabs resembling huge benches. These mark the burial places of Wilson, his wife and children.

A cypress tree, brought from the Holy Land on one of the family's travels, has withered, and has surrendered its traditional life.

The high wall keeps the unique plot shadowy and damp, and surely, after nightfall, it must be a favored meeting-place for all the "hanties" in the neighborhood.

One wonders how many of our Presidents since James Monroe have known they "possessed" that plot?

Massive Appeasement

BY ANTHONY T. BOUSCAREN

SEVERAL months ago the Eisenhower Administration was talking about "massive retaliation." Today, with northern Viet Nam thrown away at Geneva, the European Defense Community vetoed by France, another American plane shot down in the Far East, and nine American war prisoners on trial in Red China on trumped-up "spy" charges, a policy of massive appeasement is in the wind. It is this proposed policy that has aroused the ire of Senator Knowland and that has caused Senator Jenner to invite leading military authorities to publicly disassociate themselves from the Far Eastern policy of the Eisenhower Administration.

In the Far East, massive appeasement is being directed in three directions: 1) Korea, 2) Formosa, 3) Viet Nam. In recent weeks India has succeeded in bringing together UN members who made token contributions to the Korean Collective Security Effort, with a view to holding "elections" in North Korea which would be supervised by the same kind of "neutrals" that supervised the Korean truce. Significantly, the Republic of Korea was not invited to these secret talks concerning Korea.

On Formosa the Government of

Free China has been apprised that we will not help to defend the Tachen Islands. A month ago Assistant Secretary of State Walter Robertson flew to Taipeh to instruct Chiang Kai-shek to stop "provoking" the Chinese Communists. Now President Eisenhower has sided with General Ridgeway to override the recommendations of General Twining and Admirals Carney and Radford that we help Chiang defend the Tachen Islands.

The latter three agreed with Chiang that these islands are not only vital to the defense of Formosa but also to the defense of American bases on Okinawa. Chiang, meantime, has publicly complained about the creeping paralysis which has characterized the American military aid program to Formosa. Tito, who becomes less dependable every day (if ever he was dependable) has received far more military equipment, including jets, than has Chiang — this in keeping with the Europe-first bias of the Administration.

General Lawton Collins, one of our Europe-first generals, has now been sent to Saigon to force on the Vietnamese and the French a program of "reforms before aid" — a program almost identical to that foisted on Chiang Kai-shek by Gen-

eral Marshall in 1946. We and our "allies" (France and Great Britain) have ignored repeated violations of the Geneva agreement relating to reinforcement of troops and restrictions on refugees. Millions of Catholic Vietnamese in the north have been prevented from leaving for the south, in violation of the Geneva settlement, yet no Western nation is lifting a finger to help them.

To make it even more clear that we are reverting to the disastrous policy of Vincent, Marshall, and Acheson in the Far East, there is now being planned a huge economic aid program which is based on the Acheson thesis of "competing with Communism" rather than defeating Communism. The economic aid proponents, hypnotized by Adlai Stevenson's plea to ignore Chiang and Rhee and turn our undivided attention to the "uncommitted masses" of India, claim that this is the only alternative "to war" in Asia. At the same time President Eisenhower insists that he will use nothing more than "feasible peaceful means" to free hundreds of American war prisoners now held by the Chinese Communists. A few days earlier President Eisenhower had praised the "more conciliatory" tone of the Communists and the "better hopes for peace" just after another B-29 was shot down, killing the 46th American airman lost in such attacks.

Massive appeasement as planned for the Far East is not unrelated to the domestic issue involving Senator

Joseph McCarthy. The Committee For Ten Million Signatures was led by Generals Van Fleet and Stratemeyer and Admirals Crommelin and Standley, who agree with McCarthy and Knowland that we should stop retreating in Asia and recognize that action alone will stop the advance of Communism in that part of the world. Generals Clark and Almond recently told the Jenner Committee that they concurred in this general viewpoint.

As these two general factions line up for the struggle for power in America, one side — the Eisenhower faction (a coalition of containment-minded Republicans and Democrats) is committed to dual appeasement, for not only is it retreating in the Far East for the sake of "coexistence" (anything else means "war," runs this argument) but there is more interest in censuring Senator McCarthy who at his worst questioned General Zwicker too vigorously, than in punishing those who granted honorable discharges to Communists in the military establishment. This side also contends that Flanders can call McCarthy names but not vice versa.

MASSIVE appeasement in Europe is a direct follow-up of the Mendès-France diplomacy at Geneva. Some indication of the French Premier's influence was seen when Secretary of State Dulles in the Cabinet TV broadcast assured the *Soviet Union* that the West would

protect it from a rearmed Germany. Both Britain and France are pressuring the United States for a conference with the USSR before German rearmament becomes a fact. The logical result of the Mendès-France policy is to nullify effective European unity and cut the ground out from under Konrad Adenauer — America's best friend in Europe.

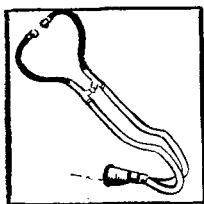
The policy of massive appeasement finds the *Daily Worker* praising Eisenhower and continuing to attack Knowland and McCarthy. The term "peaceful coexistence" was actually coined by Stalin in 1927, just as the term "McCarthyism" was coined by the *Daily Worker* in 1950. Eisenhower is hailed as a man of moderation and understanding, and his opponents as "warmongers."

The Communists have succeeded to such an extent as to cause many prominent Americans to claim that the only alternative to "peaceful coexistence" is war. It will be recalled that this point of view was shared by Chamberlain at Munich, Roosevelt at Yalta, Truman at Potsdam, Eisenhower at Panmunjom, and Mendès-France at Geneva. This is to accept any and all Communist provocations and to do nothing *effective* to counteract them. The enemy, realizing that this is our overriding consideration, knows that he can step up the war in the Straits of Formosa, shoot down more American planes, and torture more American war prisoners.

WHEN the Communists take southern Viet Nam and the Tachen Islands, the next demands will be on Laos, Cambodia, and Thailand. Meanwhile, Communism approaches a position of power in Indonesia comparable to that held in Guatemala in the spring of 1954. Massive appeasement is gradually leading to disaster in all of Asia. The twelve million people abandoned in northern Viet Nam will soon be joined by many more millions if the Eisenhower policy continues to develop along the lines already marked out for it.

Our top commanders in the Far East have warned us against massive appeasement. They have publicly supported the Knowland-Jenner-McCarthy program which calls for: 1) naval blockade of Red China, 2) expulsion of the USSR from the United Nations, and 3) breaking off of diplomatic relations with the Soviet bloc. These steps are the only realistic moves that the United States can take today if our policy is to be based on courage rather than on fear.

If we are unwilling to take these minimum steps forward, we might as well invite Alger Hiss, John Carter Vincent, Harold Glasser, John Stewart Service, Frank Coe, and John P. Davies, Jr. back into government. They, after all, can be counted on to carry the policy of "peaceful coexistence" to its logical conclusion.



By Janet Williams

A NUN — A MICROBE AND A GREAT HOPE

FATHER DAMIEN was a Belgian missionary priest who went to Hawaii in 1864 as a Picpus Father (Father of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary). At his own request, he was assigned to the leper colony on Molokai, where he labored for many years, aiding the afflicted and trying, in his own small way, to find the cause and cure. His heroic efforts were immortalized by Robert Louis Stevenson, but on April 15, 1889, the good Father died of the leprosy he had spent a lifetime trying to cure.

On that same day, in Paris, France, a baby girl was born. She was christened Alice Novial. Some say there was a small miracle — that Damien, one of the first crusaders against leprosy, tossed his flaming torch half way around the world into the hands of the babe, hoping that some day it would be hers to hold high.

Today, sixty-six years later, the child, Alice, is Sister Marie Suzanne of the Marist Missions, Missionary

Sisters of the Society of Mary, recognized as one of the world's outstanding authorities on leprosy. Sister Marie — decorated five times by the French Government — is a scientist who has produced a hopeful vaccine for the treatment of leprosy.

Sister Marie Suzanne sat in the living room of St. John's Convent, Manhattan. Sweet-faced, with a warm smile, fingering her rosary, it was hard to believe this woman was the much decorated scientist who spent more than a quarter of a century with the lepers at Makogai in the Fiji Islands. A true scientist, Sister Marie Suzanne will not go beyond the facts of her research. She will not say she has a definite cure — only that the vaccine is a milestone in the fight against the dread disease.

"I've worked for many years isolating a germ similar to the bacilli which causes the disease," said Sister Marie Suzanne. "Only those of us who have seen the agonies and

frustration of the people in the leprosy colonies can keep at it. You work and work, always hoping that tomorrow you will find it — this germ which always has been a challenge to science.”

THE STORY goes back to 1909, when young Sister Marie Suzanne set sail for Makogai. She was one of the two pioneer nursing Sisters of the Makogai leprosarium. With the primitive means at her disposal, she set up a small laboratory, a small wooden pavilion in the shade of the coconut palms, where she studied cultivated specimens and tried different experiments. In the twenty-five years she spent at Makogai, the leprosarium grew from 20 to 900 beds. After years of work, Sister Marie Suzanne made an important discovery in leprosy bacilli. She returned to Europe and continued her research at the St. Louis Hospital in Paris, where there were some leprosy patients. From there she moved to the Pasteur Institute for an additional five years of investigation. Sister Marie Suzanne now was positive she had found “something.” She was overjoyed when invited to a clinic in Lyons established under the auspices of the Propagation of the Faith for returned missionaries who had contracted the disease. Adjoining the clinic and close to the Catholic University of Lyons, she organized the present research laboratory.

One of the patients at the Clinic

was Father Chauvire. He had contracted the disease in Africa. He was old, his missionary work had been accomplished and it seemed his active life was over. But after talking with the Sister and learning about her work, he felt he could be of some use. He offered himself as a human “white rat.” Without going into the technical and scientific details, Sister Marie Suzanne, as a result of her experiments with Father Chauvire, after many months of frustration, found herself confronted with the same phenomenon she had observed at Makogai.

She had succeeded in isolating a germ similar to the true leprosy bacilli which causes Hansen Disease.

Let’s let Professor G. Penso, non-Catholic scientist and Roman scholar, take it from there:

“From then on, the germ had been made a prisoner and it would never escape from the skillful hands of the patient nun. Sister Marie Suzanne’s discovery began to spread all over the world, heralded by the *Annals of the Pasteur Institute*, the *Accounts of the French Academy of Sciences*, the *International Review of Leprosy*, and other publications. To determine its exact species (the germ), Sister Marie Suzanne, through the instrumentality of the French government, was sent to Rome to continue her research at the *Istituto Superiore di Sanita*, one of the largest research institutes in the world, and the goal of research scientists all over the globe.

"The first cycle of Sister's research has now been finished. . . . she has produced a pathogenic mycobacterium different from any hitherto cultivated . . . Declared a "new species," the germ has been named the *Mycobacterium Marianum* in her honor. *A vaccine prepared with it has provoked in non-leprous children a positive reaction normally shown only in those who have overcome leprosy, indicating an imparted immunity to the disease.* . . . We are facing facts that make us think and hope. It is premature to draw definite conclusions, for we are still at the beginning. Having had the chance and the honor of collaborating in this research, our purpose is only to tell the story of a Sister, a microbe, and a great hope."

The result of Sister Marie Suzanne's research was presented at the Microbiology Congress in Rome less than two years ago and Sister likewise gave a report of her work to the 600 scientists from all over the world who gathered in Madrid in November, 1953.

It was on this occasion that Professor Penso, in presenting Sister Marie Suzanne and her discovery, named the new germ *Mycobacterium Marianum* in her honor. Sister immediately took that occasion to redirect the honor from herself to the Virgin Mary.

"Pharmaceutical houses want to buy it," laughed Sister, "but it isn't

for sale. We shall produce it, and give it to the missions and the leper colonies of the world."

Sister Marie Suzanne, with present headquarters at the Marist Mission Center in Framingham Center, Massachusetts, is in the United States speaking to medical groups and conferring with officials at the National Leprosarium at Carville, Louisiana. She is also studying American techniques on microbiology.

Sister Mary Augustine (one wants to call her "Gus" at the outset), who is editor of the Marist Missions magazine, told me Sister Marie Suzanne has a sly sense of humor.

"Like what?" I asked.

"Like the three men in her life," she replied.

"And the three men?"

"First was Dr. Frederick Hall, an Irish Presbyterian stationed on Makogai who detested nuns — and with whom she worked for almost 10 years.

"Then there was Father Joseph Sweeney, a Maryknoll priest just returned from the Gate of Heaven leper colony in China, who dug up the money for her to continue her research in Paris.

"Third was Professor Penso, the Jewish Roman scientist."

"Will there be a fourth?"

I think Sister "Gus" winked as she answered:

"Only Our Lady knows, for Sister hasn't returned from Carville."





**OUR
PIPE
DREAM
ABOUT**

ZHUKOV

(AS TOLD TO WALTER HENRY NELSON)

By Boris Olshansky

IT WAS spring, 1945. On a mud-soaked road near Berlin, a wounded Russian tried in vain to thumb a ride. Red Army trucks and command cars sped on without stopping.

At a check point farther on, all traffic was halted. Drivers grumbled and cursed. An officer in a command car angrily demanded to know who ordered the delay.

The wounded soldier, who had suddenly appeared, answered, "I did."

"And who are you?" asked the astounded officer.

"A Russian soldier," he answered,

taking off his coat. Beneath it was a glittering Soviet Marshal's uniform, rows of medals on its chest. The man who wore it was Georgi Konstantinovich Zhukov. He turned to an officer of the NKVD. "Arrest all those ignoring a soldier's needs," he shouted. "To the penal battalions with them!"

It is behind such legends as this that Zhukov hides. He apes the great Alexander Suvorov, Russia's popular eighteenth century general. I found out his true character some time before I defected from Soviet ranks, sick and tired of tyranny and lies.

Lately, another fiction has currency. Ever since Stalin died, arm-chair Soviet experts see Zhukov forming a moderate military bloc to counter Party zealots in the Soviet government. Americans play with the fire of unreality if they hope for this. Marshal Zhukov is a Red faithful as loyal to the regime today as he was to Stalin. Opposition will not come from him or any other Soviet marshal. The thick-set Red commander's life bears this out.

Zhukov is 58 years old. He achieved great glory in the war. He does not have a thirty-year-old Bonaparte's ambition. Born in Strelkovka, in the heart of European Russia, he is a Great Russian. The resentments of Soviet minority peoples are not part of him. During World War I, he was Czarist non-com, winner of the George Cross, holder of the title and prerogatives of a Knight of St. George, and was slated to become a Czarist officer. The Revolution and the Bolshevik counter-revolution placed him in Red Army ranks. He has been part of these ever since.

IN THE Russian civil war which followed, whirlwind careers were shaped. Locksmiths and druggists became generals and defeated veteran commanders. Budenny, Tukhachevsky and Kotovsky were new-found wonders. Zhukov was unknown.

He commanded an infantry battalion, then a regiment. Taciturn

and reserved, he was known only to immediate superiors. Yet all the time he slowly moved up the hierarchical ladder. He graduated from the Soviet Military Academy and in 1935 rose to Brigadier General. Then came the Great Purge and large numbers of old officers like Tukhachevsky disappeared. Zhukov was there to fill the gap.

The Kremlin searched for officers who were politically obedient above all else. Zhukov filled the bill. They gave him his chance in Inner Mongolia and there in 1939 he crushed the crack Japanese guards units at the Khan-Hin-Gol River. He rose to General of the Army and for the first time tasted fame.

It was short-lived. When Hitler invaded Russia, Stalin again turned to his favorites among the generals, political hacks like Voroshilov and Budenny. Only after the U.S.S.R. suffered severe defeats under their leadership did Stalin call on the professionals like Zhukov. Voroshilov was replaced at Leningrad and Zhukov halted the German advance there. Stalin then called the Marshal to Moscow. Timoshenko's blunders had jeopardized the position of the Soviet capital. Zhukov surrounded himself with generals of his own choice, organized the city's winter defense and in December launched the first Soviet counter-offensive.

Yet still Stalin relied heavily on political generals. The reliance again brought on defeat. The Germans

took Kharkov in the spring of 1942, again thanks largely to Timoshenko's blunders. They moved to strike at Stalingrad and at the Caucasus. Zhukov, already a Marshal, coordinated the defense of Stalingrad and brought about the final defeat of Friedrich von Paulus.

Then Zhukov replaced Boris Shaposhnikov, the ill and aged Chief of the Soviet General Staff. He crushed the blockade of Leningrad and ended the war in the Ukraine, where anti-Soviet partisans had killed the Red commander, General Vatutin. Zhukov then rushed to Poland's First Byelo-Russian Front. To his right was Marshal Rokossovski's Second Byelo-Russian Front and to his left, Marshall Ivan Konev's First Ukrainian Front.

It was a juggernaut and it rolled straight on to Berlin. There Zhukov reached his final glory as Soviet representative at the signing of the German surrender.

When German Field Marshal Keitel raised his Marshal's baton in salute to Zhukov, it hung in the air, unanswered. Zhukov chatted politely with his Western allies, but did not even glance at the vanquished. Only when the German reached for his pen to sign did Zhukov look at him. It was a piercing, withering look of contempt. Zhukov played out his role as the Kremlin's representative, but in that moment he also acted for the long-suffering peoples of his homeland.

I was in Berlin at the time and

remember *Pravda's* glowing words. On first entering the German capital, Zhukov said: "What an unattractive city!" If so, they were the words of a conqueror, not the thoughts of the peasant son from Strelkovka. He knew as we all did that what we saw by far outshone what Stalin ever gave us.

THE MARSHAL's withering scorn did not stop him from sharing spoils. *Reichsmarschall* Goering's collection of rare beasts now grace Zhukov's *dacha*. The Marshal grew rich in Berlin in those first months. Then, all of a sudden, he vanished from the scene.

While I was in Berlin I heard much gossip about this from my fellow Soviet officers. Even a dictatorship as all-encompassing as Stalin's was could not crush the grapevine.

A dramatic account of Zhukov's fall from grace was circulated among the officers of the Soviet Military Administration in Berlin, where I was stationed. Even when viewed with healthy skepticism, it illustrates realities of life under absolutist rule.

The story goes that Zhukov, having left Berlin, carried out his duties as First Deputy to the Minister of the Armed Forces and took part in Politburo sessions on occupation policy. One day his telephone rang.

"General Bulganin calling," the voice said. It was the Stalin crony who later became a Marshal. "Who is on the phone?"

"Zhukov."

"*Tovarishch* Marshal, come see me immediately!"

Zhukov answered indignantly. He was Bulganin's superior in military rank as well as deputy minister. "You come see me," he shouted at Bulganin and hung up.

It was a moment later, the story goes, that the phone rang again. "Stalin speaking, *Tovarishch* Marshal. You seem overtired, overburdened with work. You cannot find time to see Bulganin and so I will tell you what Bulganin has to say. We have decided you need a rest. You will take over the command at Odessa and Bulganin will manage things here. Sokolovsky will run Germany."

Whatever the manner of his fall from grace, it was apparent to all that the shift in his position was great. We thought immediately of Tukhachevsky who, prior to his arrest, was demoted from People's Defense Commissar to command the Privolzhsky Military District. The Zhukov demotion seemed more serious, for his own laurels were fresher than those of Tukhachevsky. The move must have sounded like a funeral dirge to Zhukov. Yet the funeral never happened; Zhukov never followed Tukhachevsky; and Odessa was not exchanged for Lubianka Prison.

IT WAS a great blow for a man who never in his life opposed the Red regime. Always he emphasized to his

officers that his first loyalty was to Stalin, his second only to the Soviet peoples.

Even the Marshal's wife showed this. Trifling but significant gestures on her part indicate both her attitude and her husband's. Once, when visiting the Russian Orthodox Church in Leipzig, Germany — in accordance with the then fashionable custom of national rather than Communist glorification — she inscribed her name in a book reserved for distinguished visitors. In this memorial to the "Battle of the Peoples" against Bonaparte in 1813, she wrote in bold letters: "Wife of Marshal Zhukov" and over it, "Glory to the Great Stalin!"

Zhukov's name had been a magic one for the Russian soldier. The legend about the wounded trooper was typical. Yet, when the war ended, it was apparent to the ranks that the Marshal was not the champion of their aspirations for a better, freer, postwar life. Indeed, it was he who harassed the troops with strictly-enforced non-fraternization directives. These termed the contraction of a venereal disease a "violation of the soldier's oath," thus ensuring severe punishment for the hapless trooper who contracted the conquerors' occupational disease.

Always a professional soldier, Zhukov developed a liking for his Western confreres, General Dwight D. Eisenhower among them. When he rose to join in Western toasts to Eisenhower as "the greatest com-

mander of our time," there must have been doubts in the Kremlin. "Perhaps a good warrior," the Stalin entourage may well have muttered, "but . . ."

By the time Zhukov left Berlin, his legend had already dissipated itself in Army bitterness. Veteran soldiers who viewed the thirty-six decorations spread across the Marshal's chest cracked sourly, "Our victories all jangle on the Marshal's paunchy front."

THEN, in 1952, Zhukov returned from oblivion. In October, he attended the 19th Party Congress. There he was elected to the Central Committee of the Communist Party and was appointed Second Deputy Minister of the Armed Forces. This was all done at the direction of the old dictator who had no intention whatsoever of dying at the time. These are significant facts to someone who knows the suspicion abounding in Soviet circles. Zhukov had been tested while in virtual exile at Odessa. He was found loyal and true. Only because of this did Stalin dare to place him in favor once again. A man so honored by the suspicious dictator is not an opposition leader. The Marshal, we must remember, is a blunt soldier. He is no Machiavelian courtier, schooled in the ways of dissimulation.

His rise to Deputy Minister after Stalin's death is only a logical promotion for a skilled soldier. Given at the hands of men who are not suspicious megalomaniacs like Joseph Stalin, it takes on no great import.

Zhukov may well have had part in purging Beria. But the orders as they always do in Russia, came from the Party leaders, the *Partapparatchiki* — Malenkov, Khrushchev and Molotov.

It is entirely logical to suppose that Marshal Zhukov and his fellow officers have drawn only one practical conclusion out of their recent past: to obey the "political marshal" Bulganin and the new "collective leadership" of the Communist Party. There is no data to support another assumption.

When we appraise the Soviet military, we cannot compare them to Western officers. In the U.S.S.R., military leaders are Communist Party members and bound to follow its dogma and dictates. But most important, perhaps, they know quite well it was the Communist Party which brought them to the banquet table and raised them to the summit of the Red society.

They are well-fed and satisfied. The Party *Diktatura* thinks for them and guides them politically. Those who expect great things from them are most mistaken.



Do You Know That...

- ▶ Among the first acts of the Sons of Liberty, patriotic association formed in the American colonies to protest the Stamp Act of 1765, was to burn the books belonging to Governor Hutchinson of Massachusetts.
- ▶ A registered Soviet agent, official distributor of Soviet and Red Chinese propaganda in the U.S., including "proof" of germ warfare charges, one Edwin C. Smith, who refused on Fifth Amendment grounds to answer questions as to his Communist Party membership or associations, has been hired by the Indian and Indonesian governments to handle some of their propaganda activities in the U.S.
- ▶ Certain geologists familiar with the area insist that a small section of southern Texas known as the Big Thicket drifted there from Iceland. Their theory stems from the fact that there are certain rare flowers indigenous to the Big Thicket whose only other habitat is — Iceland.
- ▶ With airplane research and development moving farther and farther into the supersonic and stratospheric fields, little attention has been paid to the continuing need for low-speed, low-altitude planes to perform specific jobs such as spraying insecticides and sowing seed, and mapping and survey work.
- ▶ Since establishment in 1922 of the Philatelic Agency of the Post Office Department, which sells stamps directly to collectors, it has grossed over 42½ million dollars, an average annual sale of over 1½ million dollars, of which 85 per cent is clear profit to the Government.
- ▶ Recent refugees from the Chinese mainland have reported that the Red Chinese Air Force is completely in the hands of Russian officers who are said to be training at least one hundred thousand Korean War veterans as paratroopers in preparation for an assault on Formosa.
- ▶ A privately financed and organized expedition under command of a U.S. Reserve officer with many years of varied experience in the Far North, will spend several months in the Arctic in order to test a device which is supposed to measure the thickness of ice from the air. If it pans out, this will add immeasurably to present limited knowledge of the extent and nature of the polar ice fields, a question of increasing importance both to commercial and military airlines.

NORA DE TOLEDANO

WHO PROFITS FROM FREE ENTERPRISE?

ALL OF US, I know, are alarmed by the rapid progress which Communism is making all over the earth. We have noted its growing influence over some of our most important European allies in the past few months. And we recognize that unless this trend can be reversed, it will be only a matter of time until the Communist countries outnumber all the free nations of the world.

The one encouraging aspect of the situation, probably, is the fact that the American people are fully awake to this danger, and alert to the threat that it poses.

But in our desire to save the world — and ourselves — from the Communist menace, it seems to me that we are dropping our guard against another political force which is equally dangerous

to human liberty, and which has been vastly more successful than Communism in its creeping conquest of nation after nation. And that political force, of course, is socialism.

I wonder how many of us have ever stopped to think that the truly free nations of this world — the only nations where men still enjoy freedom in the form and degree that we know it — are already outnumbered, at least twenty to one, by the countries which have em-



By
**BENJAMIN F.
FAIRLESS**

*Chairman of
the Board of the
United States
Steel
Corporation*

braced the deadly philosophy of socialism in one form or another.

We are encouraged by the knowledge that some of these countries, like England and Australia, have begun to move back in our direction; but the fact remains that outside of two or three nations here in the Western Hemisphere, it would be difficult indeed to find any place on this globe where the philosophy of free, private, competitive enterprise is still dominant.

THE FIGHT against socialism can only be won — or lost — right here at home. It is a never-ending fight against forces which are often entrenched within the government itself, and which seek greedily to enlarge their own powers by constantly whittling away the individual rights of our citizens. So in that struggle, we can seldom depend upon government for leadership. It is a job that we must always stand ready to do for ourselves.

When we see that there are individuals and groups, both in and out of public office, who seek to persuade the voters of this nation to adopt a governmental course which would undermine the economic freedoms of our fellow men — then it is not only our right as citizens, but our inescapable duty as Americans, to speak out clearly, and to warn our people of the dangers that confront them.

Handicapped as we are, we have been saddled with the grave respon-

sibility of leadership; and the time has come, I think, when we ought to take a critical look at our situation and ask ourselves frankly: "How are we doing?" So let me put it to you this way.

For nearly a quarter of a century now, we businessmen have attempted — almost singlehanded — to lead the forces of resistance against a rising tide of socialism in this country; and during most of those years, we suffered one disheartening defeat after another.

And then, two years ago, the American people rose up in their might and struck a great blow for freedom.

Many of us felt, no doubt, that the war had been won — that the victory was complete, and that America had renounced — once and for all — the dangerous philosophy of those who have tried to make this country a nation of big government and little people. But if so, we were sadly mistaken.

Political experts report that the opponents of free enterprise seem to be gaining ground. *And when I use the word "opponents," I do not want to be misunderstood. I am not speaking in partisan terms. I am speaking of those members of both major political parties who would lead our nation ever further down the road to state socialism — the men who seek always to expand the powers of central government, to increase the Federal deficit, to enlarge the subsidy program and to impose crippling bur-*

dens upon every form of individual enterprise. Wittingly or unwittingly, these men are the spearhead of the socialist attack in America.

I am very much afraid that we businessmen must shoulder a part of the blame. I'm afraid we have tried, too long, to "go it alone."

Whether we like it or not, we cannot deny, I think, that we have accepted the heavy responsibility of leadership in this great struggle — not because we wanted it, Heaven knows; and not because our fellow citizens have voluntarily chosen us as the defenders of their liberties; but simply because our opponents have cleverly thrust it upon us.

And there, I believe, is the great weakness of our position today.

For twenty years, American business has been the one and only target of the socialist attack in this country; and so — as businessmen — we have been forced to fight back in self-defense, for the protection and preservation of the enterprises which we manage.

We may tell ourselves that we have nobly defended the economic and political freedoms of every man and woman in this nation — and that, indeed, is perfectly true — but to millions of our fellow men, it appears that we have been trying chiefly to save our own skins. So they seem to think that this is a private fight between government and business, and that they can afford to remain on the sidelines — as interested spectators — waiting for the best man to win.

Over the years, they have developed a deep suspicion that free enterprise — however much it may profit them — is a device designed primarily for the benefit of businessmen — that it is our own personal baby, and that we have a vastly greater stake in its survival than they do.

That this ridiculous notion should persist in the minds of large numbers of our people is pretty discouraging to some of us who have tried for many weary years to bring about a broader public understanding of the facts; and yet it does persist in spite of all that we have said and done. For in no other way, I think, can we explain the steadfast support and encouragement which our opponents, socialists in both parties, receive, in every election, from the national leadership of labor and from many other organized groups in almost every segment of our economy.

SO, I SUGGEST that we examine this question quite frankly. Who does reap the greatest reward from our system of free, competitive enterprise? Is it the owners and managers of business and industry? Is it the workers, the farmers, the consumers, the taxpayers? Who is it?

The best way to answer that question, perhaps, is to turn it around and ask ourselves which of these groups would suffer most if we were to establish, here in this country, a kind of benevolent, socialist govern-

ment like the one, for example, which held power in England for six years following the close of World War II. What did the government do? What really did happen in England? Let's take a quick look at the record.

It was only nine years ago that the British Socialist Government came into power, and the election which swept it into office was probably the greatest political victory that organized labor has ever won in any democratic nation. It was the realization of a dream which has been cherished, I suppose, by labor leaders all over the world. They controlled every branch of the British government, lock, stock and barrel; and they set out at once to create in England the kind of Utopia they had always wanted.

THEY LAUNCHED the most ambitious — and the most expensive — program of cradle-to-the-grave security that had ever been attempted. To pay for it, they taxed away the private sources of investment capital; and when the key industries of the country could no longer get the funds necessary to modernize their plants and to run them efficiently, the government had a perfect excuse to step in and nationalize them.

It did so eagerly — starting with the sick industries like coal mining and the railroads, and gradually developing such an appetite for public ownership that it took over the

utilities, highway and water transportation, aviation, communications, the Bank of England, and even the iron and steel industry which was not only operating efficiently, but which was also paying a much higher wage than were most other British enterprises.

Now how did the former private owners and managers of these industries make out under the nationalization program? They were hurt, without doubt, but how badly?

Well, so far as the owners were concerned, their properties were not confiscated. That wouldn't have been cricket; and no true Englishman would have stood for it. So the government bought the owners out; and, in exchange for their stock — which paid dividends only when there were profits — it gave them government securities which paid interest annually, whether there were any profits or not. And since some of these industries had been in the red for a long time — and since practically none of them have ever made a profit since the government took them over — the owners soon found themselves in a happy and somewhat remarkable position wherein they were being subsidized by a Labor government at the expense of the taxpayers. You might even call it a kind of "Guaranteed Annual Dividend!"

As for the former managers of these industries, many of them kept right on in the same old jobs; and if their income shrank in the process,

so too, at least, did their headaches. They did not have to worry about profits and prices and competition. All they had to do was obey the orders that were issued from London, and let the government do the worrying.

So they no longer found themselves in the pitiful situation of the businessman who developed ulcers, but still wasn't a success.

WHEN IT CAME, however, to the small shopkeeper who was permitted to retain his own business, it was quite a different story. He had headaches aplenty; for he operated under a rigid system of price controls and rationing. The government could — and did — cut the price of his merchandise without any advance warning whatever.

There was no way, of course, that the government could also lower the price he had already paid for this merchandise; so he had to stand the full loss himself. And when several hundred thousand of these luckless retailers raised their voices in complaint, a government spokesman suggested that they might compensate for this by making savings in their staff and services. In other words, they could lay off some clerks, and keep their customers waiting.

That was to be expected, perhaps, because after all, these fellows were only businessmen; so let us look for a brighter side of the picture and count, if we can, the blessings which the unions enjoyed under this

Labor regime. They had achieved their highest ambition. They were their own bosses. They controlled the biggest and the richest enterprises in the land, and they could divide up the profits as they pleased.

But there weren't any profits to divide!

As union leaders, the government officials would have liked, presumably, to grant every wage demand of their membership; and, as the owners and managers of this newly-acquired industrial monopoly, to jack up their prices accordingly.

But as statesmen, responsible for the welfare of the entire nation, they also had to see that British exports remained competitive with the goods which were being offered in the markets of the world by the efficient producers of other nations. So in spite of their natural inclinations, they had to hold prices down; which meant that they had to hold down the costs of production; which meant that they had to hold wages down too.

In this dilemma, they did the best they could. They went back to their unions to explain the great national emergencies which they faced and to beg the boys to hold off with their wage demands. What it amounted to really was a wage freeze. Then they plastered every available signboard with slogan after slogan urging British labor to work harder and produce more. Over here, our men would call it the "speed-up."

I don't know what they called it over there; but I do know that workers refused, emphatically, to buy it. Unrest grew in the rank and file. Absenteeism began to cripple the production of coal. There were slowdowns on the railroads; and strikes on the docks which endangered the national food supply. Something had to be done, and the art of gentle persuasion had failed. So the government resorted to the threat of force, just as every socialist government has always done in the end. And so it was that Labor's own leaders were forced to act as strike-breakers!

But the government had to carry on, and, as opposition to the wage freeze continued to grow, they revived wartime laws which gave them still more drastic powers over both labor and business. And among those powers was the compulsory direction of workers into such jobs as the government might designate.

Nor did the farmers of England escape these threats to their freedom. A law passed two years after the Labor government took office, gave it the right to dispossess from his farm any owner who did not manage his land to the complete satisfaction of the Ministry of Agriculture.

Now I do not know of any case in which either of these sweeping powers was actually used; but there is no doubt in my mind that the enactment and revival of these laws must have taught the British workman a great and fundamental

truth — that economic liberty and political liberty are merely two sides of the self-same coin, and any time you give one to the government, it also takes the other.

But that, of course, is only one of the disillusioning lessons that came to the British worker when his unions took over the government; for he was also a taxpayer and a consumer — even as you and I.

As a taxpayer, he learned to his sorrow the ruinous price of the all-out Welfare State. He learned it because he paid it! His leaders, it is true, had "soaked the rich" while they lasted, but that was only a drop in the budget, as you might say. And they couldn't soak big business, because they had already taken it over, under government ownership, where it paid no taxes at all. So there was no one left to soak but him.

In the lower brackets, his earnings were taxed at a standard rate of 45 cents on the dollar; and in the surtax brackets the rate went up to a peak of 97½ per cent. And this was only the income tax. On top of that he still had to pay a sales tax — incredible as that may seem in a labor leader's Utopia. Nor was it any puny little loose-change sales tax either! It ranged from 33 per cent to 100 per cent of the selling price of each article it covered.

BUT IN A WAY, this really didn't matter so much, because there wasn't a great deal that a taxpayer could have bought with his money

— even if he'd been allowed to keep it; for England, under socialism, was not exactly a consumer's paradise. It was a barren land of shortages, and a wilderness of controls.

Its finest quality products were largely reserved for export. The American tourist could buy them readily in the London stores; but the British worker could not buy them at all.

On the other hand, the government — struggling with its so-called dollar crisis — had to cut British imports to the bone; and it is on these imports, of course, that the British worker has always depended for many of his basic necessities of life. So most of the things he really needed were severely rationed; and a lot of the things he certainly wanted were denied him completely, under the export controls.

So what was the use? He had little incentive to work more, to produce more, or to earn more; and the most artful of his union leaders could not persuade him to do so. Even the prospect of overtime pay had no appeal, since most of it would go for taxes anyway, and what could he buy with the rest?

The luxury of leisure was far more attractive than time-and-a-half for an extra day's work; and it was the only luxury left to him; for under the Welfare State he had learned another significant lesson: that no matter how little he worked, he would always be able to exist; but no matter how hard he worked, he

would never really be able to live!

This indifferent attitude, of course, only added to the woes of the Labor government, and to the general shortage of goods and services. Production lagged in the newly-nationalized industries, prices were hiked substantially, quality declined steadily, and the losses were charged up to the taxpayers. Consumers, collecting their meager rations of coal, grumbled loudly about its rapidly-mounting cost, and complained, in fact, that some of it wouldn't even burn — but coal was now a government monopoly, and, with no competing source of supply, there was nothing they could do about it.

So the British worker found himself shut in behind an "iron curtain" of controls and regulations. He filled out endless forms — in duplicate; he lined up for his daily rations, and he bought whatever it was that the government — in its wisdom — permitted him to have. But three great necessities of life which it never permitted him to have were opportunity, incentive and hope!

YET THIS was his government — run by his unions, primarily for his benefit. It was the fulfillment of his own dreams; and it had been built in strict accordance with his own plans. But, in the cold light of reality, his beautiful dreams had become a crazy nightmare of austerity and government monopoly, in which he was the principal victim.

And, if he sought to escape from this nightmare — if he decided to chuck it all and seek greener fields of opportunity across the seas — he found that here again the “iron curtain” of controls had greatly curtailed the freedoms which he had once enjoyed. He, himself, was at liberty to go if he pleased, but only at great personal sacrifice and hardship; because the government had limited severely the amount of money which he could take out of the country, and he would have to start all over again, from scratch.

Here we have a brief and sketchy account of what happened in England under the Labor government. Within the framework of their socialist philosophy, the leaders of that government tried loyally and sincerely, I believe, to solve the many critical problems which confronted them, and to create a better life for their fellow workers. The fault did not lie with their intentions. It lay with their philosophy. And after six years of crisis and controls, they were voted out of power.

By whom?

Well, the deciding votes were cast, of course, by the only people in England who had enough political strength to do it — by the self-same people who had put the Labor government in office in the first place —

by the British workers, and their fellow consumers and taxpayers; in short, by the economic groups which had suffered most painfully in their very blue, socialist heaven.

So we come back once more to the question we asked ourselves in the beginning: “Who does profit most from our system of free enterprise?” Is it the stockholder who gets the dividend money? Is it the worker who gets many, many times that sum, and enjoys the highest living scale in the world? Is it the consumer, who reaps the blessings of competition and surrounds himself with every conceivable comfort and convenience of this modern age? Or is it, perhaps, the suffering taxpayer, whose annual burdens have been lightened by more than seven billion dollars since some of our socialist-minded opponents lost public office in Washington, two years ago?

The answer, I think, is crystal clear. Free enterprise is the only system on this earth which richly profits all the people; for it is also the only system on this earth which truly belongs to all the people. It is not the private possession of American business, nor of any other economic group — and it never can be. It is the property — and the responsibility — of every man and woman in this nation.



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ WASHINGTON ★

★ *Christian Patriot* ★

★ ★ ★ BY AUGUST W. BRUSTAT ★ ★ ★

THE stately figure of George Washington looms larger and brighter with the passing years. In him we have the picture of a man, set in the glorious frame of our country's early history, as an example to be emulated by Americans of today. It was the habitual exercise of his high moral and spiritual quality that constitutes Washington's real greatness, and which enabled him to achieve what he did, under God, for his country and the world.

The Communist conspirators, however, in their disregard of the truth to accomplish their subversive purposes, would deprecate the godly character of this Christian statesman in the minds of today's American youth.

For instance, Howard Fast, vocal apologist for Leninism, member of numerous

Communist fronts and recipient of the Stalin Peace Prize in 1953, is the author of twelve volumes which have euphemistically been classified as historical novels. Many of these may be found in the library shelves of high schools for consumption by America's students. His volumes, purportedly based on American history, are in fact, not so much American history as Communist propaganda disguised as American history.

They contain flagrant distortions of the truth. The character of Washington, as portrayed in Fast's *Citizen Tom Paine*, is a case in point.

This volume contains several statements about Washington of a distinctly derogatory nature, designed to minimize his stature in the American mind. In the Bantam Edition of April, 1946, page 81, Fast describes



Washington when introduced to Tom Paine as one who “. . . hardly opened his mouth, shy, stupid perhaps,” as one so stupid, in fact, that he “obviously . . . had never heard of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*” which Paine edited.

On page 87, Fast continues: “Washington said little; he sat and listened with his chin on his hand when he wasn’t eating, his long face intent upon what was being said, his brow furrowed with a shade of annoyance now and again, *perhaps most of it an impatience with his own lack of understanding.*” (Italics mine.)

Again, “Paine noticed that of the four, Washington drank the most and seemed least affected by what he drank.”

On page 88: “Paine wasn’t surprised when the Congress made Washington commander-in-chief of the rabble of Yankee farmers who lay like hungry wolves around Boston. There was something about the tall, dry-faced Virginian that made people trust him. ‘As they always trust stupidity,’ the Philadelphia wits said.” These quotations are but samples of Fast’s flagrant misrepresentations of the truth.

WE DO NOT, of course, claim perfection or infallibility for Washington. He, himself, would have been the first to disclaim any such adulation. He would have been the first to confess that he was a sinner saved by God’s grace through faith in Jesus Christ.

Washington has doubtless had his equals in generalship, statesmanship, and executive ability — but still there has been but one Washington. This is the verdict of history. He was God’s man of the hour for this nation.

He “ruled his spirit” — ruled it under circumstances of extraordinary provocation; ruled it in times of extreme darkness, under censures severe, and in the face of temptations such as assail few men. For the unselfish service he rendered our Republic a-borning, we lift our grateful hearts to Almighty God.

In the darkest season of the American Revolution, he retired each day to a grove near the camp at Valley Forge. A series of disasters had disheartened the troops. Distress and anxiety pervaded the new nation. The Colonial army was in great need of the basic, indispensable necessities of life. An understandable dissatisfaction was spreading in the camp. Curiosity prompted Isaac Potts to follow the commander-in-chief. This eye-witness testifies that he saw the Father of his Country on his knees, alone in a thicket, supplicating God in prayer. He later testified: “If there is anyone on this earth whom the Lord will listen to, it is George Washington, and I feel that under such a commander there can be no doubt of our eventually establishing our independence, and that God in His providence has willed it so.”

Not only did Washington lift his

heart and voice to the listening throne of God's grace himself, but he urged his troops to do likewise: "Implore the blessings of heaven," he said, "upon the means used for our safety and defense."

One of the fairest monuments to our first President's character is a prayer which he composed. This testimony to Washington's faith in Jesus Christ as God's Son and man's Saviour reads:

"Almighty God: We make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep The United States in Thy holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow citizens of the United States at large. And finally that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and demean ourselves with that charity, humility and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, without a humble imitation of Whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation. Grant our supplication, we beseech Thee, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

Washington was a life-long member of the church, a vestryman for over twenty years. Sabbath after Sabbath he joined his family in their pew in the church in Mount Vernon, Virginia, for worship. The reverent fear of God was in him.



IN HIS Farewell Address this Christian statesman said: "Religion and morality are indispensable supports of true government." Prompt and generous was his recognition of Divine Providence in establishing and controlling the destinies of the Colonies and the Republic. Washington states the reasons of his belief in language so exalted that it should be graven deeply in the mind of every American:

"No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the Invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of man more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency."

Washington may well serve as an object lesson especially pertinent to our nation in this crisis-fraught day. The free institutions which our fathers planted and for which they contended so sturdily will be of no benefit to us unless they are retained in the hands of honest stewards and upright citizens. The only foundation for an orderly and free society is to be found in God-fearing men, dedicated to their high and noble calling with a holy zeal for virtue and uprightness.

What hallowed influences would flow down upon this God-blessed Republic if our national leaders would follow the noble example of the Father of our Country!



HEARD ON THE PARTY LINE

By Howard Rushmore



FOR AN organization which boasts more aliens per square cell than the late German-American Bund, the Communist apparatus is inordinately concerned with rustic Americana these days.

The Comrades have broken out with a rash of "hootnannys" during which subversives yodel hillbilly hits in Russian accents. Of course, there's method in all this, as illustrated by a recent song published by that Communist front, "People's Artists."

The title is "Coexistence on My Mind" and the refrain goes:

Coexistence,
peaceful coexistence
Like the rest of mankind,
I got coexistence
on my mind.

One of the singers currently engaged in such activities is Tony Kraber, former special events director for the CBS network. The hootnannys miss, however, an oldtime enthusiast and guitar player, one Ethel Rosenberg, a not untypical example of the type of Communist interested in this country's folk music.

Speaking of the distaff side of Red politics, Regina Frankfeld was recently released from a Federal prison after serving a sentence for

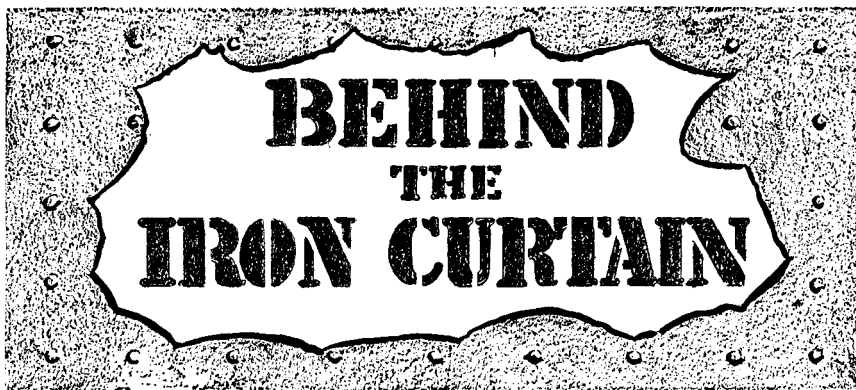
Smith Act violations. Her comments on prison life appeared in the conspiracy's literary mouthpiece, *Masses and Mainstream*, and reflect the thinking of the Red organization's *schutzstaffeln* on life behind capitalist bars.

"We cannot be part of the day-to-day battles," Regina complains. "We cannot speak out. Prison does silence our voices." That, it might be added, is the whole idea, but Mme. Frankfeld misses the point.

In her essay, she does have some unconscious humor. In her Marxist *De Profundis*, Regina gives a picture of prison life startlingly similar to that currently enjoyed daily by Communist Party members in the Soviet fatherland.

"You cease to exist as an individual and become a number," she states. "You are under constant surveillance. You are surrounded with rules . . . rules about eating, walking, talking . . . you live under the constant threat . . . there is no appeal from the decision of the disciplinary court."

There is a difference, Regina. You got out of Alderson penitentiary in two years. In dear old Moscow you get out only when there's a hole in your head. Ask Beria when you see him.



A FOOL'S PARADISE: *Soviet Culture*

By **ALAN SET**

MORE than one billion new books in the 71 languages of the peoples of the U.S.S.R. will be published this year in the Soviet Union, in addition to 16 billion copies of Soviet newspapers and an undisclosed but astronomical number of copies of Soviet magazines, factory and farm bulletin board notices, posters, circulars and leaflets. Of the more than one billion new Soviet books, about 300 million will deal with political and economic subjects and some 17 million will be fiction: novels, collections of short stories, poetry and drama; the rest of them

-- more than 700 million -- will cover all the fields of science and technology, with a relatively modest quantity reserved for sports and art.

The printed word, dispensed with such bewildering lavishness to the miserably fed and shabbily dressed peoples behind the Iron Curtain, represents but one of many aspects of that strange phenomenon proudly called by Red propaganda "Soviet culture." Even more astonishing than this flood of publications, in a country where one generation ago a book was almost as rare as a blue diamond, is the tremendous expan-

sion of the Soviet educational system. At this stage of the struggle for the world, it may be worth while to take a closer look at this "culture."

ACCORDING to official data — and in this respect at least Soviet statistics seem to be correct — nearly 60 million Soviet citizens, which means a quarter of the population, are busy studying in one of the innumerable Soviet schools. Of this number, about half a million are students in the Soviet institutes of higher education.

The formation of the new "Soviet Man" starts at the age of 3 in the kindergarten, where for four years he learns his alphabet together with the rudiments of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism. Next he begins the seven- or ten-year public school. After seven years of primary courses he has the choice of either continuing his public school studies for three more years of secondary courses, and then, after graduating, perhaps trying to build for himself an intellectual career in an Institute of Higher Education or University; or entering any of the various vocational schools, to become, after two or four years, a skilled worker in industry, agriculture, transport or trade.

Those Soviet boys and girls who have selected, and have been permitted to continue their public school education, once graduated, at the age of 17, have once more to

choose either to become skilled technicians in one of the numerous trades, or to work for higher educational degrees.

In the first case, the government opens to them one of the 250 one- or two-year technical schools, usually attached to factories, mines or farms. In the second case, they have to qualify for admission into one of the 900 institutes of higher education, with the aim of obtaining, after four to six years, a diploma, roughly corresponding to the bachelor's degree in the United States.

To obtain the first Soviet academic degree (comparable to the U.S. master's degree) and become what in the U.S.S.R. is called a "candidate," the 21- or 23-year-old holder of Institute of Higher Education diploma has to study hard for three more years in one of the 32 Soviet universities, and thereafter write and defend his candidate's thesis, which appears to be not altogether easy. There are at present some 25,000 candidates in the U.S.S.R. holding well-paid posts in the administration or at the head of large factories and other state enterprises. But there are less than 11,000 holders of the most highly coveted academic degree of a Soviet Doctor of Sciences, awarded by the Soviet Union's Credential Commission to a candidate lucky enough to go through all the intricacies of presenting and successfully defending a Soviet doctor's thesis. These 11,000 top exponents of Soviet culture are,

today, the hard core of the new Soviet aristocracy, together with the highest Party men and a restricted number of army and secret police commanders.

Twenty Million Loudspeakers — A Single Program

In Moscow it is predicted that the Soviet theater will reach this year a new peak with perhaps a quarter of a million performances, not to count the innumerable shows organized by amateurs. More than a quarter million concerts will be listened to by an audience of some 100 million. The Soviet radio will talk and sing through 20 million loudspeakers. Perhaps 50 new Soviet films will be produced and projected in 60,000 Soviet cinemas. And all this is only the very beginning! Because as Georgi Alexandrov, Soviet Minister of Culture, recently stated, Soviet culture is still in swaddling-clothes, hardly more than one-third of a century old. What will happen when it grows stronger?

One billion new Soviet books, 60 million Soviet citizens in schools and twenty million Soviet loudspeakers — all this, of course, presents only an over-simplified picture of this very strange phenomenon called "Soviet culture" by Communist propaganda. And over-simplification often means distortion. But even if a nation's culture could be appraised by purely quantitative criteria, which is not the case, some remarks have to be added to what I have just said.

First, it is less important to know how many books are printed than to know how many of them are read, and this is particularly true if one talks about the Soviet Union. The leading Moscow literary publication, *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, gave a very significant hint in this respect not so long ago. The Kalinin paper mill at Rostov received one day a rather strange consignment labelled as "rubbish to be turned into paper pulp" — 25,000 pounds of recently printed books, chiefly valuable manuals, brand new, just as they had come out of the State Publishing House of the North Ossetia ASSR. After long inquiries, it was found that the sender of the consignment was the government of the North Ossetian Soviet Republic itself. In financial difficulties, and having in its stores books of a total value of 2 million roubles, which no one wanted to buy, the government thought it wise to get at least some of its money back by selling a part of the stock to the factory. The case is certainly not isolated.

Another remark concerns the 60 million Soviet citizens being imbued with Soviet culture in the Soviet schools. For it is not everything that one is taught in school which turns a churl into a man of taste. Among the so highly praised Soviet Institutes of Higher Education, the Agricultural Institute at Poltava is considered to be one of the best in the whole country; it so happens that it teaches pig-raising exclusively.

The famous Institute of Poultry Industry at Zagorsk near Moscow deals with culture from a chicken's point of view. Nor will it add very much to the over-all cultural picture of a nation if, practically illiterate, one gets one's diploma at the Odessa Institute of Canned Food Industry.

As to the twenty million Soviet loudspeakers, the question which immediately arises is not how strong do they blare, but what message does the Soviet Radio convey?

A careful study of Soviet radio broadcasts might be very helpful here. Because it will easily show that the twenty million loudspeakers repeat in fact day after day, month after month and year after year a unique program under three different headlines — politics, science and technology — always with the same aim. This discovery will lead us automatically to another one: the same division into three exclusive groups of subjects — politics, science and technology — all of them with the single, clear-cut aim, can be discerned in any Soviet cultural activity, whether it is a novel by Vera Panova, a short story by Ilya Ehrenburg, a play by Nikolay Virta, a new version of "Hamlet" by Kozintzev, a poem by Pasternak, a children's book by Osseyeva, an editorial in *Pravda*, a symphony by Shostakovich, a portrait by Gerassimov, any candidate's or doctor's thesis in any of the Soviet universities, even a

Tass agency report on Vladimir Kuc beating the world record for 5,000 meters. Now, what does all this mean? What is the essence of this "Soviet culture?"

Events developing in a fool's paradise are not easily explained to people used to normalcy. Let us therefore, for the sake of argument, put on for a short while magic glasses through which the familiar world as we know it will appear transformed by some universal lunacy. A President of the United States backed by an extremely powerful F.B.I. — all of them stark mad — has banned from American cultural life all activity with the sole exception of advertising a single chosen product. All the American books, magazines and newspapers contain nothing else but full pages of advertisements selling the same object. All radio and television programs repeat various versions of the same commercial. Philosophers and scientists analyze the intrinsic values of the thing; poets and crooners are chanting its loveliness; correspondents are describing the miseries of all those who haven't yet got it; painters and photographers are showing it at all angles, on most extraordinary backgrounds and under all imaginable light effects; it is featured in the movies; and even in our dreams.

Yes, I know, it sounds slightly crazy. But here it is. After some time, 37 years from now, we shall probably get so used to it that with

or without our magic glasses we shall consider ourselves a particularly cultured nation far ahead of all the barbarians who are still waiting for the thing to come.

Well, the phenomenon called "Soviet culture" is in its essence very close to this sort of delirious advertising to the Soviet peoples of a single product which is the Soviet State, and particularly the Soviet State as a political, scientific and technological wonder. By concentrating thus all skills and talents upon an exclusive task, the rulers of the Soviet Union seek, not without success, to assure the stability of the regime and to stimulate the nation toward expanding its physical power.

Soviet Culture and Coexistence

It has become part of Western journalistic routine to ask now and then whether there is not a change discernible in the pattern of Soviet thinking, as expressed in Soviet writings. Stability makes no news; therefore a good reporter usually can, after some patient research, fish out of all the printed Soviet balderdash some proof of new tendencies, some signs of more freedom, of more audacity, perhaps the beginning of open criticism. If the general mood in the West is for appeasement, then the stories appear under more or less sensational headlines and good people are happy that Pomerantzev calls now for a true and unfettered Soviet litera-

ture and Ehrenburg announces that everything may change suddenly, that miracles may happen . . . True that the Pomerantzevs and Ehrenburgs are later reminded by the Party's Central Committee or the Soviet Writers' Union that their sole duty is to serve the cause of Communism, but who knows? — the wishful thinkers go on bandying about — after all, there is nothing immutable in this world!

The advertising industry leaves some elbow room to its copy writers, but always within strictly established limits. One of its rules not to be transgressed is optimism; another, realism; a third, intelligibility; a fourth, not to blunder by writing objectively. These are exactly the rules which any Soviet writer has to observe unless he is ready to take the risk of being accused of "deviationism." Ilya Ehrenburg was criticized for his short story, "The Thaw," because it was found not to be optimistic enough; Vera Panova, three times a Stalin prize winner, got into serious trouble for writing a novel not sufficiently connected with the new Soviet reality; the great Shostakovich, after having been admonished for producing symphonies incomprehensible to the Soviet audience, promptly promised to correct his faults, and went out of his way explaining that he finds inspiration for his creative work mainly in the very clear bulletins published by the Soviet Communist Party; Vassily Grossman was

ordered to recant for not being subjective enough in his novel, *For the Right Cause*.

Contrary to the periodical findings of our restless sensation seekers, these four rather simple rules — optimism, realism, intelligibility and subjectivity — have been guiding unchangeably all the Soviet copy writers, composers, painters, philosophers and scientists engaged by the Soviet Cultural Establishment almost since the first years after the Revolution. Stalin's death did not alter them, and could not have altered them, for the very simple reason that they were not Stalin's creation.

In fact, the very peculiar Soviet *Kulturkampf* — with its basic principles of concentrating all cultural activities for selling the Soviet State to the Soviet citizens — began in Lenin's day, in the time of the N.E.P., the only very short period when the peoples of the Soviet Union were allowed to enjoy some personal freedom. It was born out of literary discussions which started some time in 1922 and brought about the condemnation of Yesenin, Mayakovsky, Pilnyak and others, whose work was found to be useless for the benefit of the Soviet State.

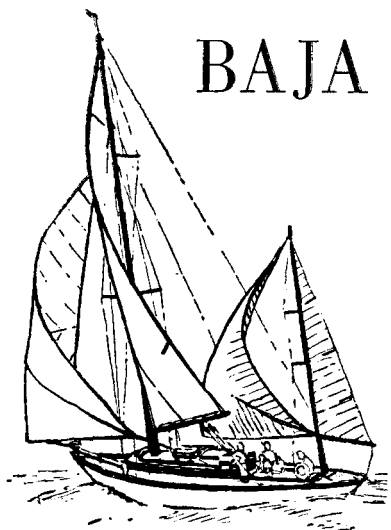
About 1923, the Soviet writers, artists and scientists started to receive their first orders, and a few years later they were as regimented as the rest of the nation. Stalin's personal contribution was that he

was overdoing in this field as much as in any other. His death brought things to normalcy, but the Soviet idea of normalcy is as remote from what we consider being normal as the Soviet idea of freedom is remote from letting a man live free.

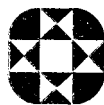
Stalin in, Stalin out, the Red revolution — mobilization of all the forces for the conquest of the world by a single group of fanatically stubborn men — is going on. And within the framework of this gigantic machine, patiently built to ruin the world's civilization, the somewhat monstrous but remarkably efficient establishment called "Soviet culture" is accomplishing its task.

Far from having anything in common with what we would label cultural activities, it molds the "Soviet Man" into the obedient robot needed for the world revolution. With typical Soviet waste, it pumps into the country, year after year, a billion new books, all of them carrying the same message of brute power and hate. It teaches the "Soviet Man" how to become a skilled slave, holder of a Red diploma; to a few, selected not for their cultural abilities but because they proved to be able Communist leaders, it opens the doors to honors, wealth and power.

Is it possible to establish a link of coexistence between this very strange brand of culture and what we are ready to defend as our cultural heritage? This article should give the answer.



BAJA CALIFORNIA



The Mexico Few Tourists Know

By BELLE C. EWING

WE DO NOT need to board an ocean liner in order to visit a little-known foreign country. Baja California, in old Mexico, is a fascinating land of mystery and color, still living in past centuries.

It is a land of contrasts. The warm sun moves leisurely across sparkling blue bays, dusty plains, moody deserts, green valleys and rugged mountains. Dutch and English pirates, zealous Catholic priests, Russian refugees, pearl fishers, gold seekers, writers, artists and American tourists have basked in its warmth.

Baja California is often called the

"mother country" of the State of California, because many explorations and religious hegiras left from this peninsula. Twenty-two missions were built there before one was established in California.

Tijuana is a friendly border town, whose principal occupation is to please visitors, especially *Yanquis* from the north. It has cabarets, good restaurants, *jai alai*, horse racing and bullfights. Yet the visitor soon becomes aware of the poverty of the inhabitants. He is also made aware of their friendliness and graciousness. But it is farther down the

peninsula that the charm of the country really begins to grow upon one.

The highway follows the winding, rugged coastline from Tijuana to Ensenada, a pleasant little city, drowsing on Bahia Todos Santos. In the spring, the mescal is in bloom, as are the succulents commonly known as "hen and chickens." These vegetable birds, with their coral flowers, grow up precipitous cliffs and down to the water's edge.

Baja California was discovered in 1542 by Juan Cabrillo, and visited by Vizcaino in 1602. The beautiful harbor of Ensenada, one of the most colorful of the peninsula's small cities, was a refuge of pirates for two centuries. Today, it is a favorite retreat for tired businessmen and their wives, who enjoy the placid atmosphere of a foreign land only two hundred and eight miles from Los Angeles.

This city counts among its visitors two noted British subjects. Sir Francis Drake, the buccaneer, and Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote his immortal *Treasure Island* while living in a house overlooking lovely Todos Santos Bay.

SOUTH of Ensenada is a pleasant land of high hills and deep valleys, wide ranchos, ruined churches and gentle people. It is a never-never land where time means nothing. The highway winds between chaparral-covered hills, past old adobe missions, their usefulness ended, melt-

ing back into the earth from whence they came. The road dashes past vineyards with ranch houses in the distance, surrounded by olive trees and shaggy-headed palms, red tile roofs gleaming in the sun. Plump cattle graze along the roadway, and cheery peons harvesting mescal, from which the fiery drink *tequila* is made, wave as the visitor whizzes past.

Here, in the spring, yellow mustard grows waist high, and the scarf of blue flung against the distant hill is made of lupines. Matilija poppies, like white silken upside-down parasols, wander aimlessly up the dry *barancas*.

At intervals along the highway, the visitor will see the natives at work, *braceros* toiling in a cheerful, indolent fashion in the fields, peons making adobe bricks, which seems to be a never-ending job. Practically all buildings are made with them.

Probably the only Russians in the world today who care little or nothing about the mouthings of Molotov are the Russian immigrants who live at Colonia Guadalupe.

Back at the turn of the century, the Russian Molokans, whose belief is similar to that of the Quakers, broke with the Russian Orthodox Church and the Czar. After being driven from place to place, they finally found refuge in Baja California in 1906. They have intermarried with the Mexicans, and are an industrious pastoral people, their mother tongue nearly forgotten.

The visitor realizes that he is in a foreign land as the road signs flash before him: *despacio* (slow), *vado* (dip), *alto* (stop), *el camino sinuoso* (winding road), *curva peligrosa* (sharp curve), *peligro* (danger).

Here and there along the highway are wooden crosses over which wreaths of flowers are hung. These are in memory of someone who met death at that spot.

BAJA CALIFORNIA is a land where the people have not forgotten God. About seventy-three miles below Ensenada is a shrine on a hilltop, built by some grateful person. A statue of a saint is within the small structure, with half-burned candles and fresh flowers before her, while wild incense bushes grow beside the open doorway.

Several interesting towns are passed before the pavement ends a few miles beyond the shrine, where a rough graveled road begins. It has been predicted that the day is not too far distant when the motorist can travel in comfort all the way to La Paz, or San Jose del Cabo. But such is not the case today.

Those who have discovered this pleasant land go back again and again for hunting, for fishing, or to enjoy the relaxation of "mañana land." In winter, visiting waterfowl curtain the skies; quail and deer are plentiful. The salt waters teem with game fish. Abalone, oysters, pismo and butter clams are other delectable products.

Boats may be rented at Bahia San Quintin, two hundred miles south of the border, where deep sea fishing is excellent. There is a large abalone cannery here. But the center of interest for most visitors is the rusted and rotted remains of the old English flour mill. In 1887, Mexico gave a franchise of 16,000,000 acres of land to a British syndicate which hoped to establish an economic empire. All that remains of the syndicate's \$15,000,000 investment is the ruined flour mill.

The road south, if it can be called a road, for surely it would take a jeep or a *carreta* to take its bumps, twists and turns over cactus-covered hills, hovers over dusky canyons in which wild palms grow, to San Ignacio. The steeple of Mission San Ignacio shines a welcome to the visitor through the trees. This mission, built in 1728, is one of the best preserved in Baja California, and is in daily use.

La Paz, meaning "The Peace," is the capital of the Southern District with a population of 12,000. It is a town of Old World architecture, shaded streets, and the inevitable plaza. This city was formerly noted for its extensive pearl fisheries. But something happened to the oysters, and pearl fishing died with the mollusks. Today, La Paz is famous for its big game fishing, from swordfish, marlin and sailfish, down to dolphin, yellowtail, barracuda and many other varieties.

The highway from Tijuana to

Mexicali, across the upper end of the peninsula, is a marvelous piece of engineering. It sails over plains, dips and winds among tree-clad hills, and soars through mountains of solid rock. The road bypasses a town with the unique name of Alaska. This mountain village is said to be the summer homes of *politicos* and stable citizens of the warmer sections of the peninsula.

The highway passes through a few small cities. Tecate, one of the largest, is a pretty place, shaded by large trees and brightened by many flower gardens. The road climbs through a pinon forest, past small native houses — each with the family goat, burro, game chickens and a decrepit automobile. Water is usually drawn from a well with a windlass, and carried by children and old men. A five-gallon oil can is the Mexican's old oaken bucket.

Many peons with gay *serapes* draped jauntily over square shoulders will probably be seen. Most of them are *braceros* looking for work, and many will be the "wetbacks" of tomorrow.

The road climbs steadily through the Sierra de Juarez, and knives through the Sierra de Los Cocopas, literally mountains of rock. These

mountains possess a strange, wild grandeur, their harsh slopes wrapped in velvet shadows.

It is now desert country. The desert is a moody land, in which wind and rain, arch conspirators, combine their sorcery to form strange new patterns in rocks and cliffs. In April and May, the ocotillas lift blood-tipped arms to the sun. The barrel cactus and cholla suddenly burst into bloom. Winding trails lead off into unknown places. Some perhaps leading to palm oases, for the wild palms of the arid regions of Southern California grow here, too. They are remnants of a vast tropical forest which once grew in this locality, long before man stood upright.

Mexicali is a small city, easily seen in a few hours. Its streets present an ever-changing pageant of natives, patient burros, pigs, lazy flea-ridden dogs and cackling chickens. But the unhurried inhabitants always have time for courtesy and merry smiles. The backyards of their humble homes blossom with white clothes hung up to dry.

This is Baja California — a foreign land, rich in color and mystery, lying at our doorstep. A land — once visited — that will never be forgotten.

When You Change Your Address — In order that you may continue to receive the AMERICAN MERCURY each month without interruption, please notify the Subscription Department, at 11 East 36th Street, New York 16, N.Y., well in advance when changing your address. Thirty days' notice is required, and your *old* address as printed on the magazine wrapper must be given, as well as your new address.

Letters to the Editor

» Concerning your feature "Sound on Disc," I do not wish to sound like an anti-intellectual snob, or like someone who despises good music. I enjoy good music.

Still, I do not think that a magazine such as yours, which vigorously promotes Americanism, is the place for a string of praises of the formal part of Mozart's music.

The jump from a love of form in music, form for form's sake, I might say, to a love for the perfect form in government is easy to make. The present type of American government is a dynamic thing; your magazine determinedly opposes any static, dogmatic type of government like the Communistic type.

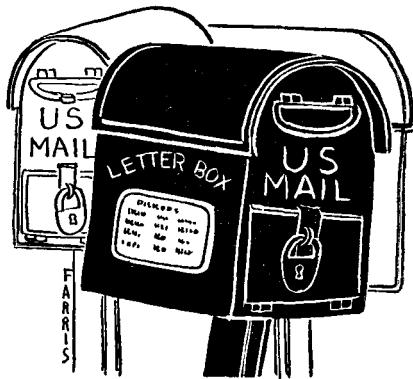
To get a government with beautiful form, people are quick to rule out the glories of individualism; and soon the social planners move in.

Let's forget worshipping planned forms in music; they are like planned forms in society.

RALPH A. SNODGRASS
Tucson, Arizona

» Dr. J. B. Matthews' article in the December issue of the *American Mercury*, "Elmer Davis Runs Scared," was as informative as it was humorous.

I note that in his recent book, *But We Were Born Free*, Elmer Davis numbers the "Fascistoids" in the U.S. as 30,000,000. This number, strangely



enough, corresponds with the number of Catholics in our country.

Although I am not myself a Catholic, I still feel that Elmer Davis may be guilty of unjustly slandering a loyal, honorable, and devout segment of our population.

If Mr. Davis denies he had the Catholics in mind when he put the number of "Fascistoids" in the U.S. at 30,000,000, it would be most interesting to find out exactly how he did arrive at his figure.

CHARLES A. MAXWELL
Boston, Massachusetts

» This letter to the editor is written after reading "In the Mercury's Opinion," in the January issue of the *Mercury*.

Perhaps it would be a good thing if our elected representatives (Democrats and Republicans), the President,

Senators and Congressmen were presented with two blown-up framed copies of the platforms adopted by their respective parties at their national conventions.

One could be hung in each man's office so that Mr. Average Citizen, attempting to discover the State of the Union, could throw an eye over same in lieu of a silent briefing, and shoot out a few pertinent questions.

The other could be hung on his bedroom wall as a refresher, an early morning reminder, that come the [next] Congressional elections, perhaps millions of angered Americans will march to the polls. Then once again "the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

PENDLETON TURNER (Texan)
Washington, D.C.

» I think your magazine is the best in the country and should be read by everyone. I have sold a lot of my friends subscriptions. They only have to read one issue, when they become interested.

MRS. MARJORIE MCHALE
Dewitt, New York

» You've been turning out extraordinary stuff. The October, November, and December issues are all very good. I usually buy at least three copies from the local newsstand and mail them. . . .

Your "How the Communists Hoodwinked FDR" is a notable contribution to Truth and to American History. I do intend to secure reprints to paste in the back of the history textbooks my children use in school. As an historical document it is invaluable.

"Flight From Reason" in the November issue was a noteworthy article

in a noteworthy issue. "Elmer Davis Runs Scared" in December is a gem, and *must* reading.

The *American Mercury* gets better with every issue. I really thought you'd never be able to top last May's issue. But you've even surpassed that!

PEGGY WINK
Boynton Beach, Florida

» Will you please send me another copy of the December *Mercury*? I tore several articles out to send in letters . . . You have a great magazine and I would not be without it.

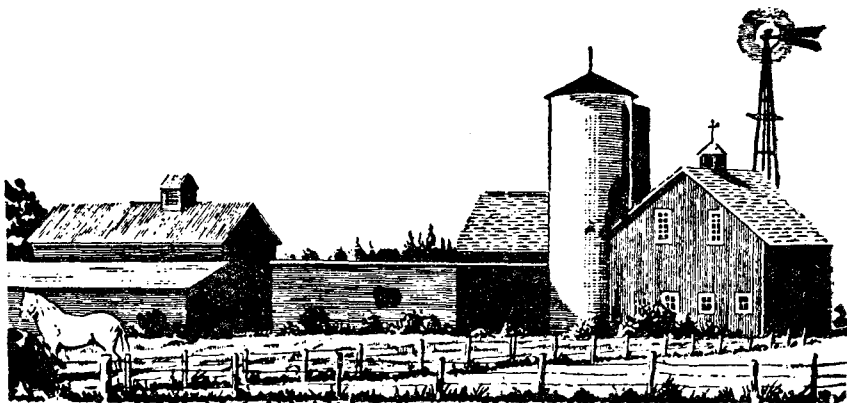
MRS. CLEO SCHEER
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

» For over fifty years I have played a small part in trying to arouse the American people to the fact that they were being taken for a buggy ride to perdition: by the propaganda of the Rhodes Scholars and the Carnegie Foundation, they got us into two wars, you know, to save the British Empire, and lo and behold the Empire was lost anyway, Churchill's big talk to the contrary notwithstanding. The propaganda of the Rhodes and Carnegie crowd left the door open for the Commies to walk in . . .

I buy the *Mercury* once in a while and agree with you completely on your attitude on the doublecross of Poland, China, Korea, and so forth. But now a question: How is it you never have anything to say about the partition of Ireland????

Are you afraid that the mention of the partition of Ireland might prevent you from getting an invitation to meet royalty?

THOMAS F. RYAN
Bronx, New York



I Sold My Farm—*Hooray!*

BY HOLMES ALEXANDER

HOKUM, I say, is the word for those pastoral rhapsodies written by gentleman farmers who claim they make a profit from the soil. I am contending that the part-time farmer is a full-time liar when he brags that he goes regularly to the office and successfully runs a farm by odd-hour husbandry. I am declaring that the businessman, the writer or the pensioner who regards himself as a farmer has less regard for the truth than amateur fishermen or amorous traveling salesmen in a smoking car.

I'm not just saying these things. I'm confessing them, too. Last year after 15 years of it, I sold my farm and moved to the city.

Heaven lay about me in the infancy of my farm life. My first glimpse of Sweet Meadows Farm, across the Western Maryland Railroad tracks from the hunting shires, put fuel to these celestial visions. Hardly waiting to greet my wife Mary and my child, whom I had sent ahead, I strode to the hilltop to survey my possession. Illusions of feudal grandeur danced in my head.

Back at the house before a crackling fire, I divulged the shape and scope of my plans. First off, I modestly disclaimed any intention of getting rich off the land. Production for use only — that was my principle. Crop and stock were to be raised only to feed and clothe the

family. By this time next year, I was telling Mary, the farm would support us. No more paying the middle man for goods and services.

"Eggs, milk and vegetables," I expatiated. "Beef and veal, even leather and wool. Think how we'll cut down our grocery bill."

THERE came a knock at the front door. I did not know then that it represented the coming of a middle man whom I hadn't thought of. The person I admitted was ruddy and brawny, wearing the rough clothes of his outdoor livelihood. He introduced himself as the next-door farmer. As I took his soil-toughened hand, I felt that I was greeting one of Nature's noblemen.

"Just dropped in to be neighborly," he said. "Guess you'll be making some changes around the place."

"Well, I'm going to fence off some fields for cattle."

"Lucky thing," he said. "I've just been splitting some fence posts. I can let you have what you need real cheap, just to be neighborly."

"Thanks. I'll take you up on that."

"If you need some labor, I could send my own men over. It's a slack season. I'll lay out the fence lines and just charge you their wages."

This seemed almost too much to accept from a stranger, but I did accept, rather than be ungracious. I needn't have worried. The fencing cost me around \$1200, all of it paid

out to the Good Neighbor whose services stretched on till spring.

Meanwhile we developed poultry trouble. During early summer our hens laid generously. We ate eggs — "production for use only" — in every conceivable form, and marketed the surplus at 25 cents a dozen. This hardly paid for the cracked corn and laying mash, but suddenly the retail price skyrocketed. Now I felt certain that everything would even up. It did. Abruptly our hens ceased to lay. The moulting season was upon us. I hadn't counted on that.

But the end was not yet. Midnight prowlers began to decimate the chicken and duck runs. Hardly a day dawned but the flock was depleted by one or more. What sort of thief was it? I became something of a barnyard criminologist. I learned that a fox chops the heads off and carries away the meat. A weasel fastens on the throat and sucks the blood. A skunk eats from the back end forward. Rats attack in force and leave cripples behind. A hawk carries the whole body away, airborne but with a noticeable trace of feathers left behind.

Our enemy seemed to be none of these. I tried various ways of catching him — poison, a watchdog, even an all-night vigil. Nothing worked. At last I sealed up all the fowl in the henhouse, and staked out a lone sacrifice beside a steel trap.

In the morning the bait was still there, and I went to other duties.

Soon there were loud female shrieks from the scene of the stake-out. Hurrying there, I found my wife and the cook trying their best to comfort a weeping child. The baby had come to play with the tethered chicken, and the trap had sprung on his hand.

Luckily the hand was so small and limp that no serious injury was done, but Mary issued an edict — “No more traps.” As for the chicken thief, she had no evidence. But intuition told her that it didn’t move on four feet — it moved on two. Not long after, I had to fire one of my men — and I noticed that the chicken stealing stopped abruptly.

The Good Neighbor later told me:

“Saw your man the other day.”

“How’s he getting on?”

“Well, he said he wasn’t living on fried chicken since he left your place.”

MY EDUCATION progressed in these costly lessons. Experience taught me protective cynicism. I confess that I hated to give up the comfortable belief that the nearer a man lives to the soil, the more you can trust him. The truth is, of course, that the nearer men live to the soil, the closer they live to poverty and starvation. This makes them cunning, deceitful, quick to take advantage of ignorance and trustfulness in strangers. Historically speaking, honesty is a virtue that grew up in the trade marts and the business world, not on the farm.

Anyhow, I next decided to stop spending money and to rely on the ancient rural system of barter. This threw me into a catch-as-can contest of wits with my country neighbors. When I needed something for the farm, I swapped. Occasionally I won; oftener I didn’t. But it was fun.

I traded a load of hay for some turkeys, and they died of influenza. I traded some surplus machinery for a brood mare, and she had a fine foal. I gave up a ciderpress for a pair of Belgian does and a buck. The three of them cohabited for six months without increase, so I lost patience. I swapped the hares for some mallard ducks. The does gave birth in the truck that was taking them to their new home.

As for the home-economy, it finally suffered defeat in an unexpected place — the kitchen. We had hired a local farm woman as cook. One day the woman flatly refused to churn butter, one of the few items that really cut down our grocery bill. I undertook some appeasement.

“What do you really dislike about this job?” I asked her. “You’ve always churned butter at home, haven’t you?”

“Yes,” she said. “It isn’t the churning that I mind. But I don’t like to eat country butter. I like store butter.”

This was arrant heresy under my theory of home production. We let her go, this unspoiled daughter of Ceres. She was followed in our kitchen by three other country

workers, all of whom found some objection to our way of rural life. Finally we got a colored cook, a bred-in-the-bone urbanite, from a Baltimore employment agency. But one day I saw butter on the grocery bill. This was the limit and I told Mary:

"Either she churns our own butter or she'll have to leave."

"She does churn it. She likes country butter."

"Then — who?"

"Me," said Mary. "I've been buying store butter to eat when you're not looking."

That did it. The churn was put away, a major retreat from my principles. Soon afterwards the cow went dry anyhow, and I suffered the galling ordeal of seeing a commercial milk truck drive daily to our door. After that — well, what was the use?

Things got better, of course, as I lived and learned. But they improved only to the degree that I became parsimonious, distrustful and unagricultural. Let's be frank about it. A successful farm is simply not a part-time venture.

In addition, we part-timers will always be duped, reamed and profiteered upon by the Good Neighbor. Perhaps this is as it should be in America. The French and Russian revolutions virtually wiped out the landed gentry. That won't happen here! The American country gentleman is no competitor — he's a wonderful source of income — to the local peasantry. Rather than bother-

ing with crop subsidies and Bran-
nan Plans, Congress ought to give
homesteads to well-off city folks
who yearn to live in the country.
There's no surer way of redistribut-
ing the rural wealth and buttoning
up the farm vote.

WHY don't amateur agrarians more often admit these simple truths? I know dozens of them — men with outside incomes who preen themselves on the vain glory of their agricultural acumen or prowess. They are honorable fellows by every other standard. They do not cheat at cards or swindle their friends in business.

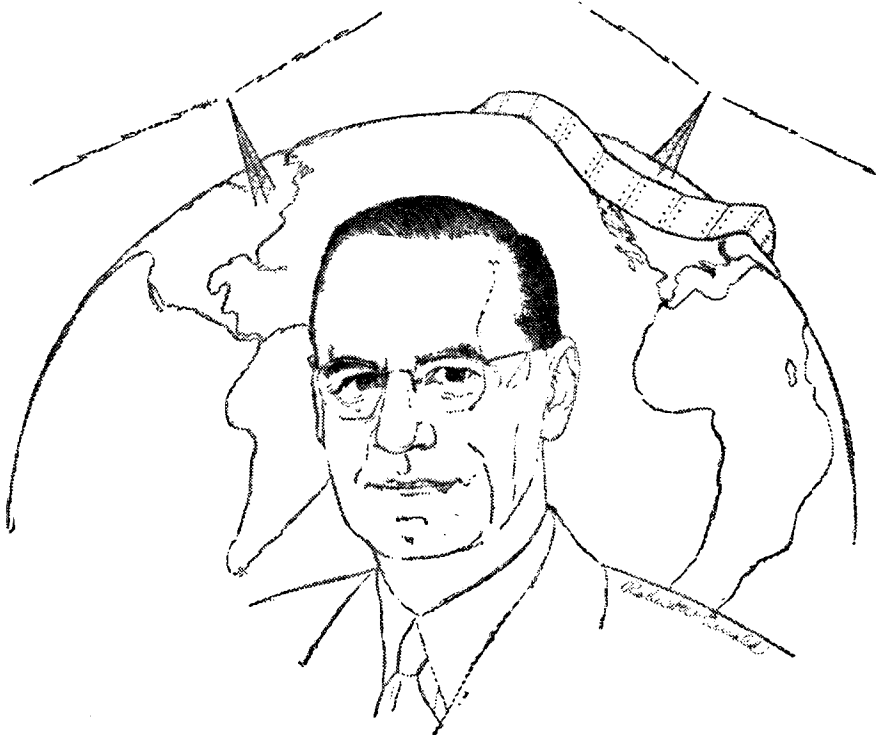
But they lie without conscience about the finance of their farms. There's pride of ownership, a vanity about their feudal status — all mixed up with the good American notion that a man is master of the soil. Not only do these gentlemen farmers try to fool other people about making their places pay, they shamelessly try to fool themselves. Their book-keeping would land them in Federal prison if they had to take an oath on it.

How do I know? Brothers, I address you personally. I went through it for 15 years.

But there's one thing I'll say for Sweet Meadows Farm — it was a dandy investment. Last year I sold it to the president of a Baltimore bank at double the purchase price. He wants to be a gentleman farmer, poor fellow.

Billions, Blunders and Baloney

By Eugene W. Castle



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Billions, Blunders and Baloney

By Eugene W. Castle

FOR ALMOST a decade the United States has been engaged in a stupendous campaign to win world friendship. We have bestowed military and economic aid upon 43 nations, not including those in this hemisphere.

We have entered 22 top level international bodies and agencies, each of which has involved us in wider and more costly overseas obligations and commitments.

In disregard of our own national interests, we have exported American resources and know-how while baring our home market to the world. We have underwritten UNRRA, UN and ECA and NATO and MSA and FOA. And to reassure our Allies and to safeguard ourselves we have sent manpower after money by stationing six Army divisions in Europe and by building and manning airfields throughout the world.

It has been a giant-scale, year after year, give-away program with woefully inadequate restrictions and safeguards; a program unmatched by any nation since history began!

We gambled our tens of billions of dollars in the confident expectation

— and our politicians' promises and predictions— that overseas unfriendliness would evaporate. But unfortunately the reverse has been the result.

Today, the plain American citizen who has had an opportunity to observe our standing in foreign lands must conclude that we have reached an all-time low in global goodwill.

At any time prior to 1914, such American unpopularity abroad might have saddened the American people, but it would not have worried them. We thought instinctively in terms of national interest, not of international responsibility.

For better or worse, events of the last four decades have detached us from this traditional policy. In the wartime phrase of Churchill, our affairs have become "mixed" with those of Europe. America has accepted the role, and the fearful dangers, of world power. She has subordinated her foreign policy to the United Nations. Gradually but surely we have been drawn into a net of foreign commitments and responsibilities which have permanently ended our isolation.

Because we are no longer self-sufficient, the problem of friendly nations abroad is no longer academic. The goodwill of the Free World is a driving "must" for America. Such unity cannot exist in a poisonous atmosphere in which half the world is singing a song of hate against the United States.

Most Americans perceive the truth about our isolation with more or less clarity, but they fail to relate it to appropriate action. They depend hopefully upon ill-conceived, crisis-provoking propaganda that, all too often, actually worsens our present unstable international relations. They turn to the mumbo jumbo of psychology to resolve their perplexities.

It has been the tragedy of America that the promoters of propaganda and "cloak-and-dagger" juvenilities have been able to call the turns in Washington throughout the postwar years. They have led us up costly blind alleys of waste and futility.

These "experts" have sold their bill of goods to the Eisenhower Administration, just as they sold it to Truman and Roosevelt. While they induce us to piddle with their sterile tasks, time for America is running out.

There must be a searching reappraisal of the whole field of American hand-outs to the world and the information efforts that stimulate these activities if we are to discover some of the reasons why

America is both disliked and distrusted.

* * *

FOR THE first time in history, American propagandists and cultural promoters abroad have become almost as numerous as our accredited diplomatic representatives and their staffs. Today our psychological warriors occupy almost as much office space and housing facilities as do our diplomats.

Throughout the world we witness the sad spectacle of overstaffed and ineffective propaganda offices; of unrestrained outpouring of American taxpayers' money on callow, unproductive and all too often harmful information projects; and of steadily dwindling goodwill for the United States in the countries where the dollars are being spent.

We shall have few digressions into statistics in this book, but there are some situations whose dimensions can only be pointed up by cold figures.

We can comprehend the size of the information bear which we have by the tail when we note that in fiscal 1954 a total of 10,171 persons were on the USIA payroll in Washington, D. C., and in its 77 overseas missions. The average annual salary which they drew, according to the 1954 budget report, aggregated \$5,735.

A comparison of USIA's ten thousand payrollers with the streamlined personnel of an efficient private

newsgathering organization of comparable scope will show how ridiculously overstuffed USIA is.

Consider the New York *Times*. It publishes a huge daily edition, and a Sunday edition which, with its supplements, runs to several hundred pages per copy. Its news facilities reach into every part of the world.

And yet this immense publishing enterprise gets out its issues with a total editorial and news staff of approximately 325 persons.

The Chicago *Tribune*, boasting the largest circulation of any standard-size daily newspaper published in the United States, employs a staff of about 282 people for its local, neighborhood, domestic and foreign coverage of the news.

Twenty-five leading American newspapers in all sections of the United States have a combined total of only 5,000 employees in their editorial and news departments. The Associated Press, with correspondents throughout the world to serve its member newspapers in the United States and its clients abroad, maintains its very extensive day and night wire services with a total of 3,000 employees.

What do the 10,171 in our government's super-press agency really do?

One highly exploited USIA effort is its international press service. In the 1954 budget, \$4,220,288 was allotted to this purpose. USIA prepares in Washington, D. C., and sends out a 6,000-word daily wire-

less bulletin which goes to all United States missions abroad for release to the foreign press.

What actually happens to most of this rush-rush news? All too often it ends up as a poster on the walls or a give-away on reception room tables of high-rent USIA headquarters and other U.S. Government offices overseas. Has it perhaps occurred to the Agency's Washington managers that air mail would be speedy enough for these 6,000-word-long, five-day-a-week propaganda bulletins?

Moreover, by any commercial press association yardstick, the USIA output, with its background supplements by unknown news commentators, appears dull and amateurish. It duplicates inefficiently what such organizations as the Associated Press, the United Press and the International News Service do with practical, professional skill in serving the newspapers of the United States and the world.

WHEN it comes before Congress for appropriations, USIA always argues earnestly that without its facilities, America would be informationally blacked out and without access to the minds of other peoples. In pleading thus, it ignores the immense service to America abroad which is already performed by the private publishing organizations, which operate without government underwriting.

For instance, superbly written statements of the American point

of view are printed and distributed throughout the world by our own *Reader's Digest*, but with this generally unknown and important difference — the *Reader's Digest* international editions are published abroad in twelve languages, in thirty different editions; and the monthly circulation of this fine foreign promotion for Americans totals 7,165,000 copies that are distributed in 58 countries to reach a monthly readership of thirty million people!

And the *Reader's Digest* overseas circulation — tremendous as it is — is only a part of the English and foreign-language American publications which regularly enjoy large foreign readership. These include:

Life, foreign and South American editions

550,000 semi-monthly

Saturday Evening Post

425,000 weekly

Time, newsmagazine

375,000 weekly

Newsweek, newsmagazine

(American edition)

60,000 weekly

U.S. News and World Report

(American edition)

25,000 weekly

Collier's

225,000 semi-monthly

Look Magazine

181,000 semi-monthly

The New York *Times* issues a special overseas airmail edition. Its daily circulation is 18,000 copies. The weekend New York *Times* overseas edition has a circulation of 31,000

copies. This American newspaper, together with the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*, published six days a week in the French capital and with a circulation of 52,000 daily, is read by most editors, bankers, industrialists and government officials throughout Europe, the Near East, and South America.

With such powerful private vehicles bringing the American point of view to all political leaders and opinion makers throughout the world, it seems singularly needless for the Government of the United States to enter the publication field in rivalry. And yet Uncle Sam shelled out over \$4 million in 1954 to maintain the USIA's amateurish press adjunct.

THE PRIZE exhibit of the USIA overseas mission is the library which is maintained in most of the important cities. In principal European capitals and in the Near East, the USIA libraries and cultural centers are mostly located in fashionable sections where wage earners and poorly clad readers are not welcomed. In such important cities as Paris, Rome, and Cairo, the libraries are out of bounds for the masses. In Cairo, for example, the library is located behind a high iron fence in the section where the ultra-swank Embassy and skyscraper apartments are. Egyptian soldiers guard the entrance by day and by night. Poorly clad Arab natives do not venture into this part of the Moslem city.

Hours are arranged for the convenience of the Americans, not of the native population; libraries are closed evenings when the poorer readers might consult them, and on Saturdays and all holidays. Some libraries are open only three or four hours in the middle of the day.

As a consequence of these ill-considered policies, our overseas libraries with their elaborate main and special reading rooms are notorious as hangouts for the reading and writing convenience of American tourists, rather than for the natives. Thus, through poor administration and wrong location, the primary propaganda purpose of this costly program, which is not duplicated by any other nation, is being frustrated. The libraries cost Uncle Sam more than \$4 million annually.

* * *

IF UNCLE SAM ever should make up his mind to apply the meat-axe to some of the encrusted barnacles which cling to the United States Information Agency, he would not have to search far for a target.

A logical starting point would be the International Motion Picture Service, which has plunged Uncle Sam headlong into the movie business, producing propaganda films for use abroad.

Of all the follies put over on an unsuspecting public by our self-styled psychological warriors, this flicker nonsense is perhaps the most costly and indefensible.

Anyone with even scant under-

standing of the minds of our Allies realizes that any motion picture which even faintly hints of propaganda will never be accepted by them. Neither will it contribute to the downfall of Communism. Europeans particularly have been exposed to propaganda since the days of Hitler and Mussolini. They have developed an immunity to it that probably will never wear off.

This basic political reality is recognized by Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America. Returning from Europe several years ago, Mr. Johnston advised Hollywood:

"If we deliberately made propaganda films, our industry would not only go bust, but would be doing the worst possible service for America."

It's highly unfortunate, almost tragic, that this sage advice has not been noted or followed in Washington.

Few Americans have any idea how deeply involved the U.S. has become in the making of propaganda films.

Already we have amassed more than 1,000 subjects and 70,000 prints of one- and two-reel Government produced documentaries. These are rotated out to overseas field missions with little regard for local needs.

To date, about \$100,000,000 has been poured down the Government's movie-making drainpipe. Uncle Sam has purchased some 6,700 sound projectors, each costing about \$400,

and a fleet of 355 mobile film units, costing over \$6,000 each. Total investment in equipment alone exceeds \$5,000,000.

When the Republican Administration took office, Uncle Sam had an excellent opportunity to get rid of USIA's useless and often harmful movie service.

Two possible courses of action confronted the new government heads: either the motion picture service could have been eliminated entirely with no weakening at all of the over-all information program, or else it could have been drastically reduced. The Service was already equipped with a sufficient stock of educational films which could have supplied the normal requirements of educational exhibitors abroad for a period of ten years or longer, without any new production, if the second course had been followed.

Unfortunately, neither course was taken. Instead, the new Administration advocated an astounding increase in the budget for the motion picture service! The USIA had sold a bill of goods to the White House!

When President Eisenhower's budget recommendations were disclosed, the motion picture extravaganza was down for nearly \$7,000,000 — almost double the 1953-54 Truman grant. The newly appointed film director went before the House Appropriations Committee to declare \$12,000,000 for propaganda films was nearer the amount wanted!

Fortunately there still were some patriots left in Congress with concern for the public purse. The Appropriations Committee of the House flatly refused to be taken in by the ambitious scheme of the USIA's top spokesmen. They saw to it that the motion picture service was granted only \$3,390,117. The Eisenhower action was all the more indefensible in view of the fact that the United States is the one nation in the world which needs no movie propaganda abroad. This is so because our Hollywood-made entertainment films have dominated the movie theaters of the world for half a century.

SOME 200,000,000 foreigners see our theatrical films weekly because they are entertainment, completely free of propaganda. These films show Americans as they really are, for better or worse. Though they carry no messages, they offer a weary world solid entertainment, and show how a free people lives and laughs.

Thanks to Hollywood, the motion picture field is the one field in which the United States has far outstripped the Communist nations in selling itself to the world.

The Kremlin, with its comparatively undeveloped film industry, operates at a great disadvantage compared to the United States. In the United States the annual output of feature-length films averages 350, and the majority of these are shown abroad. Soviet Union features that

are exported for showing to foreign audiences average only about 12 per annum.

For still further proof of the effectiveness of Hollywood films as compared with those turned out under strict Kremlin direction let us turn to Berlin, where the East Zone Germans are not sufficiently hemmed in by the Iron Curtain to be kept entirely away from the outside world.

The Los Angeles *Times*, in a dispatch from Berlin, reported that East Germans were flocking to West Zone theaters:

So great is the Communist officials' embarrassment at empty movie houses in East Berlin, that they give away tickets and even march workers from the factory to movie "recreation."

Meanwhile, in West Berlin movie theaters, East Germans — who eight years after the end of the war are still going hungry — enjoy Hollywood movies which portray life that is worth living, showing people free to be happy and to enjoy themselves. They get a pretty good idea of what they are to believe of Russian propaganda which tries to depict the "capitalist" United States as a country where "workers are held down in extreme poverty."

To understand their craving one has to realize that they can choose only between East German film products or Russian movies. They hate both.

From seeing these films the East Germans learn that the Soviets' ideal is work, work, work. A life of drudg-

ery in drab clothes without any interests beyond those of the ever-powerful Communist state.

Even behind the Iron Curtain, when an occasional American film is shown, it still outdraws Red products. An American traveler reported that while he was in Czechoslovakia he would "have to wait for as many as five weeks to see an American film, when I could have had a theater showing Russian pictures practically to myself."

Why do American films, even "bad" ones, outdraw the Soviets' "brilliantly made and costly" pictures? The reason, of course, is that they are free of propaganda.

The true American story is a saga of heart-stirring content. Properly told, as the entertainment film producers have consistently done it, the American story has gripped the imagination of the world. But the USIA is not telling that story.

Instead, it is engaging in all sorts of questionable border-line undertakings designed to trick foreign audiences into seeing and hearing outright American propaganda.

Meanwhile, its masterminds continue to issue souped-up statements and global exhibition reports to the AP and UP, while they seek more expensive and more harmful ways to justify and perpetuate this movie madness.

* * *

NOT OFTEN do politicians admit that handouts to foreigners must come ahead of security for

Americans. But Harold E. Stassen made such an admission in a public statement on December 6, 1952, just after he had been selected by President-elect Eisenhower to head the Mutual Security Administration — soon rechristened the Foreign Operations Administration.

His aim, said the Mutual Security Director-to-be, would be to bring about “peace and good living conditions for all the world’s people.” And, Stassen added, “We cannot, nor must we ever trim our aid to needy free nations just for the sake of cutting our own budget.”

From the start, the Foreign Operations Director has faithfully followed the dangerous doctrine of perpetual American deficits, as long as a single “needy free nation” asks our dole.

In Washington, which so often resembles an Alice-in-Wonderland stage setting, the prize exhibit is probably the presently named Foreign Operations Administration, nee Mutual Security Administration.

In FOA, waste and give-aways really reach the stratosphere. Where USIA picks the pockets of Americans in millions, FOA is up in the airy heights of the billions. For 1955, its budget was set at \$2,781,499,816 in new cash and \$2,462,075,979 in carry-over funds, totaling \$5,243,575,795 for foreign aid for the fiscal year.

But this will only be a part of the actual cost of FOA to the nation. An accumulated backlog of grants,

voted to FOA by previous Congresses, and which the FOA big brass have not had time to spend, approximates \$10,000,000,000 — and \$2,000,000,000 of this is unallocated!

FOA is a government spending agency which continues to exist, prodigally, long after its announced program has been completed. It symbolizes the self-perpetuating persistence of waste.

The American voters elected General Eisenhower to the Presidency in 1952 on his implicit pledge to wipe out waste wherever, under the lax hand of Truman, it had entrenched itself in our Government. Particularly, they expected the quick liquidation of MSA, predecessor of FOA.

Instead of getting the American people out of MSA, President Eisenhower promptly placed his stamp of approval upon it.

In the 83rd Congress he asked that it be prolonged for at least four years, in the face of Congress’ demand that it be strictly limited to a one-year operating period. The only notable changes which followed were a change in the name, from MSA to FOA.

ALTHOUGH FOA and its predecessors have been ill-conceived and impractical in program, their most glaring faults have revealed themselves in administration. FOA-MSA-ECA, under the Hoffmans, the Harrimans and now the Stassens,

have been conducted on such notoriously loose and unsound business principles that they would have quickly bankrupted any private, self-sustaining business.

One of the open waste drains in the program has been Technical Assistance, popularly known as Point 4. From its outset in 1950, Technical Assistance has frankly been a do-gooder, share-the-wealth program — a program of all give for the United States, and no get. Hailed with extravagant praise by all of the “One Worlders,” it started as a bureau of the Department of State with an initial budget of \$34,500,000.

From the beginning, Point 4 was President Truman’s baby. It was a program which seemed to do something about world poverty. Commentators were loath to uncover its false pretensions lest they be open to attack as opponents of humanitarianism.

Under this immunity to criticism or analysis, Technical Assistance began to balloon. By 1953, when it was taken out of the Department of State and given to Stassen, its budget had swollen to \$165,395,000. Even after a well-publicized economy drive, its budget still stood at \$136,528,000 in the 1955 appropriation. Nor is this the whole story. The United Nations was simultaneously conducting a program in Technical Assistance. Since we are the principal UN underwriter, our 1955 bill for UN Technical Assistance

comes to an additional \$9,957,621. (President Eisenhower originally asked for \$17,958,000.)

But Technical Assistance soon gave birth to a parallel program which was fated to become even larger than its parent. This was International Development, a title of pleasant connotation, under which Uncle Sam finds himself picking up the check for costly public works projects throughout the non-Communist world. When this program was launched, under the International Development Act of 1950, development assistance was only a free rider on the TCA appropriation. In the 1955 appropriation, development assistance was separately budgeted, and was down for a total of \$224,000,000.

If we take seriously the recommendations of the President’s International Development Advisory Board, headed by Eric Johnston, the present spendings for development assistance are but the curtain raiser for the giant program that is to come. Under this program the United States is to be the underwriter for a great international WPA, with this difference — that after paying the bills, the United States won’t own the projects.

A hint of the bottomless pit of United States spending which lies before us if we follow the Point 4 program to its logical conclusion was given by Dr. Ralph J. Bunche, who is himself an ardent advocate of underwriting overseas distress:

"In Asia, Africa, the Middle East, the Pacific and much of Latin America there are perhaps a billion-and-a-half men, women and children for whom, if in varying degree, poverty, hunger, disease and ignorance are the typical way of life, and few among them have ever known another."

It is frightening to think what will happen to the hard-pressed American economy if Dr. Bunche's billion-and-a-half underprivileged are to be added to the list of American social responsibilities.

Both FOA and USIA are arms of the same operation. Both are dedicated to the mission of selling the gullible American people on the virtues of a giant spending program to win dubious foreign friends for America.

The whole cumbersome USIA apparatus, with its mysterious high level support, keeps the American people softened up for the billions-wasting foreign aid program. A recognition of this key fact will explain many of the apparent stupidities in the current Washington information mess.

* * *

ONE OF THE unhappy effects of the weedy growth of our foreign aid and information agencies abroad has been the decline of our Ambassadors. With so many eagerbeavers moving about throughout the world, with Presidential sub-authority defining American foreign policy, our regular diplomatic channels have

gone into a sad, steady decline.

No one has planned it this way, but the condition has grown up as an inevitable result of the emergency character of the aid and information programs. Each program, when it has been launched, has started out as a purely temporary experiment, tagged with a definite expiration date.

But none of the newcomers died. Inevitably when the expiration date arrives, there is always the "emergency" excuse for another extension. If there is public resistance to the extension, the fond legislative parents simply repackage the agency. OWI becomes USIS, and then IIA and finally USIA. OSS becomes CIA. ECA becomes MSA and then FOA. The Fulbright Act becomes Educational Exchange Service. But they never terminate. There are always new and bigger "emergencies" to justify their continuance and proliferation.

As a result, in an era when America faces crushing international responsibilities, our diplomatic establishments abroad are a tangle of conflicting authority. Not one but several voices define American foreign policy in the major capitals overseas. In Paris, until recently, there were actually four permanently established American officials who had the rank of Ambassador. Our accredited State Department diplomat in France was, under such circumstances, but one of a quadrumvirate. FOA, USIA and CIA officials, each report-

ing to a different chief in Washington, roam Europe and interpret American policy to the bemused European chancelleries.

In Europe and other overseas posts, American Ambassadors face the difficult task of working with representatives from all three of these powerful independent agencies, none of them subject to State Department discipline or direct control. Each, by his very functions, is continually making impact upon the execution of American policy abroad. He is interpreting that policy to foreigners. But he works on lines of authority which constantly bypass the State Department and its Ambassador. If the FOA or USIA or CIA representative is cooperative and a "team" man, no serious differences of policy will usually arise between himself and the Ambassador. But it is the officious, self-important fool, clothed for the first time in his dreary life with governmental authority, who makes trouble for the State Department.

We shall make little progress in overcoming the dangerously bad overseas climate of public opinion toward America until we restore the Department of State to its proper place in our American government, as the maker and interpreter of foreign policy. It is being nudged out of that place today by the outsize independent agencies which have grown up in this era of psychological warfare and "mutual security." It is complacently accepting a robot sta-

tus in a situation where it should be supreme.

* * *

ONE OF THE most misleading notions that has entrapped the official American mind since V-J Day has been the belief that propaganda can do in peace, or even in the Cold War, what it did in the late shooting war.

The whole rickety structure of foreign information, into which we have poured our hundreds of millions, is erected upon this baseless conviction.

Actually, propaganda has a necessary role in war, as both World Wars I and II demonstrated. Skillfully directed, it saves lives and shortens hostilities. It is an agent of demoralization when turned against retreating or losing enemy troops: it is an agent of defeatism when turned against the home front. It is in the nature of such propaganda that it needs to have little relationship to truth: indeed, the most effective propaganda coups in both wars have been variations of the "Big Lie" technique — the British atrocity stories and pictures in World War I, or OSS's "Operation Annie" in World War II. Such wartime stunts are feints and hoaxes, cynically designed to throw enemy troops and populations off balance.

But the fact that such operations have been sensationally effective under war conditions is no analogy for peace. In normal times the only function of a good information pro-

gram is to tell the truth, not falsehood — to sell goodwill, not dissimulation. Probably the greatest mistake of our costly postwar information program has been its attempt to carry over, into peace times, the fabulous mentality of war.

The late William Randolph Hearst was one man who knew the difference between honest news and fiction. He wrote:

“Propaganda is not fact. It is falsehood. It is, in truth, wilfully distorted out of all resemblance to truth, in the interests of one or another party to a dispute or conflict. Propaganda is, at best, an opinion, and opinion should not be printed as fact even if it is an honest opinion.”

When the present administration assumed power, there was reason to expect a new and effective approach to the information task.

President Eisenhower, in setting up the USIA in October, 1953, specifically stated that the “new agency” would present factual reports without attempting to imprint American culture on other nations.

These were reassuring intentions, but how disillusioning has been the follow-up. A few perfunctory changes involving the reshuffling of the top command, a temporary reduction of the vastly overstuffed personnel — these things were done with maximum promotional fanfare. But, the vitally important transformation of the program from a vehicle of noisy

and often provocative propaganda to an honest, thoughtful and intelligent presentation of America’s aspirations and hopes to the world — this has not been done.

OUR PRESENT Information Agency will never be effective because its chief operators are too busy catering to the administration which happens to be in power. They are too busy “over-promoting” politicians in countries where there are no votes for them.

The tragedy of the situation is that what ought to be done is clearly obvious. We are the victims of our own over-organization. We have erected a much too costly and complicated super-structure to do a job which can be done with vastly greater effectiveness by a relatively simple and inexpensive agency administered from within the Department of State. Instead, we have built and the American taxpayer is unknowingly supporting a cumbersome, bureaucratic machine with thousands of employees constantly seeking to justify their existence with “blown-up” radio projects, propaganda-slanted motion pictures, ineffective and totally unneeded cabled news reports, elaborate libraries often far removed from the native population centers, subsidized newspaper, magazine and slick-cover books and pamphlets.

Not unlike the novice duck hunter, the USIA descends, with great fanfare, upon the world scene, loaded

with the wrong kind of ammunition and too many kinds of it. It shoots "wild" at the first pigeon crossing the horizon. It scores no "hits" for Americans. Certainly, we need and should have a "Voice of America," but beamed only to countries where its effectiveness could be depended upon. And only in the form of a terse, strictly factual news program confined to interpreting American foreign policy and to nail anti-American lies. To render such overseas radio service we do not need to maintain nearly 1,000 government broadcasters in Washington, D. C. alone! Instead, and to keep its contact with reality, the over-all policies and direction of the "Voice" might well be placed under the supervision of the major American radio and press associations.

Additionally, radio broadcasts to the satellite countries are both important and effective. Millions of people entrapped in the captive nations once enjoyed freedom and would like to have it again. This, then, is a real weakness in the Iron Curtain and one that we should constantly exploit with news broadcasts from our world together with "play-backs" of news, names of people and their problems that reach the free world from these "blackened out" areas.

A SEMI-PUBLIC organization, the American Heritage Foundation, sponsor of Radio Free Europe, actually pierces these Kremlin-enslaved lands with hard-hitting broadcasts

to refute Communist lies and answer threats made to a once free people. These Radio Free Europe broadcasts have proved to be powerful weapons in bolstering the morale of seventy millions of these enslaved people. Also, and equally important, they serve to keep the Soviet oppressor off balance. However, for this activity we do not need, and should not have, two American "voices" broadcasting to the satellite nations. Obviously, this present duplication of effort and rivalry between the USIA and Radio Free Europe only creates confusion in the minds of the listeners.

The three great American press associations, the Associated Press, the United Press and the International News Service, daily send many thousands of words throughout the world. This news, a professional, unbiased and full coverage of what is happening throughout the United States every hour and every day, is the best and only kind of propaganda that should be issued from a land of free people. The USIA's 6,000-word overseas news cable is both a costly and totally unnecessary duplication of the services maintained by the American press associations.

To all the arguments which stress the need for a tighter, better coordinated and less costly program of American foreign information, the partisans of USIA have one unvarying answer. We must get into the upper brackets in our information

spendings, they say, because Russia is spending much more than we on foreign propaganda. President Eisenhower himself, in his American Legion speech in 1954, fell into this unfortunate error when he declared that for every dollar we spend on information, Russia spends fifty.

Despite the denseness of the Iron Curtain, we do know something about Russian propaganda expenditures. The often quoted figure of \$1,500,000,000 a year for Russian propaganda waylays American spokesmen who are unaware that the figure includes the whole Russian annual outlay for newspaper, magazine and book publishing for domestic consumption. We have no way of disentangling the foreign propaganda figures from the gross total.

CONSTANT harping by USIA officials upon the comparative size of Russian propaganda is unfortunate because it diverts attention from the real Russian threat to our public information effort. That threat is qualitative, not quantitative. Russia outstrips our propaganda emissaries, not because she spends more money than we, but because Russian foreign policy is more saleable to low-income groups in Europe, and colored racial groups in Asia, than is our own. Russia convinces, not by slick paper handouts, by high-brow books or by stupid documentary films, but by the tremendous argument of a sure-footed and winning foreign policy.

The most expert propagandists money could hire couldn't win respect or acceptance for Mr. Acheson's "wait until the dust settles" policy, or Mr. Dulles' Downing Street-haunted twists and turns. Only when our foreign information effort is synchronized with a dynamic and imagination-stirring American foreign policy can our foreign representatives hope to win the waverers of Europe and of Asia away from our Communist antagonists.

But perhaps the most disturbing indictment of prevailing USIA policies is that, all too often, they provoke Communist counter-propaganda. Frequently our highly touted USIA projects have the effect of stinging and goading Moscow into increased anti-American activity.

Our Washington officials continually overlook the fact that all other governments, except the Communists', carefully refrain from this crisis-provoking kind of propaganda which our Government is resorting to with increasing frequency.

The USIA is worse than useless to the American people as their voice abroad as long as this over-staffed and over-zealous Agency substitutes needling and crisis talk for sensible and effective informational efforts abroad.

This thought is worth repeating:

The United States will never be solvent unless we firmly resolve to eliminate activities and government agencies that we can get along without or that we can greatly curtail.

In the case of the FOA, unless it is abolished, there will always be new crises and greater emergencies, either in Europe or elsewhere in the world, to justify its perpetuation and the maintenance of its unwieldy superstructure with its global payrolls. Likewise, in the case of the USIA, new arguments and pleadings will always be plausibly offered for more and more millions to underwrite enlarged propaganda absurdities.

There is only one way to stop these superfluous programs. That way is by the elimination of both the FOA and the USIA. Whatever remaining functions the FOA may

have can be carried out on a vastly reduced, carefully safeguarded and audited basis by the Department of State for economic activities and the Department of Defense for military subsidies. The USIA should be transformed into a compact, hard-hitting and honest news bureau of the Department of State.

When these sound steps are taken, Americans can hope once again to have a sound economy, without which there can be no permanent security or peace. We can look to one strong voice of America instead of two or more conflicting and harmful voices as at present.



The Cover This Month . . .

RUINS OF THE PAST

By Robert Waite Arnold

The artist has tried to capture some of the drama inherent in the ruins of Athens, the once great city-state which flourished on the rolling hills and plains of Attica in the centuries before Christ.

The Doric column in the foreground might be one of the remains of the incomparable Parthenon, built between 447 and 432 B.C. as a temple to the goddess Athena.

This was the Athens of Socrates, Aeschylus, Pericles, Sophocles and Euripides — the center at that time of all learning, commerce and artistic creation in the Western world. But its glory was soon to be marred by the partial or complete destruction of many of its great temples and public buildings in wars with neighboring states, from the battle of Chaeronea in 338 B.C. to the sack of Athens by Sulla in 86 B.C.

In the centuries that followed, sun, wind and rain continued to add slowly to the destruction. Today, only a few ruins remain to remind us of a great civilization — and some of the greatest architecture the world has ever known.